

THREE MONTHS IN
PAHANG IN SEARCH
OF BIG GAME

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IN SEARCH OF BIG GAME.

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Three Months in Pahang In Search of Big Game.

A REMINISCENCE OF MALAYA.

BY

THEODORE R. HUBBACK


AUTHOR OF

"ELEPHANT AND SELADANG HUNTING IN THE FEDERATED
MALAY STATES."

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ERRATA.

PAGE

- 2 Thirty-second line *substitute* "shot" for "short."
- 4 Thirtieth line *after* "the" *add* "Datoh."
- 37 Sixth line *substitute* "rhinoceroses" for "rhinoceri."
- 39 Twenty-ninth line *substitute* "Krau" for "Karu."
- 40 Thirty-eighth line *substitute* "rhinoceroses" for "rhinoceri."
- 42 Seventeenth line *substitute* "rhinoceroses" for "rhinoceri."
- 47 Twentieth line *substitute* "Kemaman" "Keman."
- 49 Ninteenth line the word "variety" to follow "giant."

PAGE 67—*Note*.—A Big Game Enactment has been brought into force in Pahang since the beginning of 1912.

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THE BAG.

THREE MONTHS IN PAHANG IN SEARCH OF BIG GAME.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRIANG RIVER.

The old Datoh Rajah Kiah of Pertang said that it would be most unlucky if I started for my trip into Pahang on Monday the 7th of June. He had consulted the jungle spirits and had been advised that Tuesday would be a much more auspicious day on which to leave home; the *langkah* would then be *baik*, so Tuesday I decided it should be. But to avoid waste of time I sent all my goods and my tracker, Mat Yasin, to Kuala Jerang on the Monday, where I had arranged to have a boat in readiness to take me down the Triang River. A bicycle ride from Pertang of about fourteen miles brought me to Kuala Jerang early on Tuesday morning, where I found everything in readiness, most of my goods on board the boat together with my collection of three Malays, my Chinese cook, and the said Mat Yasin.

One of the Malays was a curiosity, and deserves more than passing notice. His name, Mat Linggi, gives one the locality of his kampong, but many years had passed since he had seen Linggi. In fact, if report be true, he was in his younger days quite a respectable specimen of a Malay pirate, but considering that he must be well over sixty he has some excuse for pretending that he has forgotten the stirring incidents which must have been connected with his long past youth. He is still as tough as a Malay of half his age, can carry a load of fifty catties quite comfortably all day—what Malays of the younger generation will do this, or even can do this in the jungle?—and is afraid of neither man, beast, nor spirit.

He was invaluable to me when I wished to break up my camp, because I could always leave the old man behind by himself to look after the boat, or whatever I did not take with me, and I knew perfectly well that he would do exactly what had been told him, and would die sooner than let anybody interfere with the goods he had been told to look after. The other two Malays were father and son, the elder man, Juansa, being a Pertang villager who made his living chiefly by collecting damar, his son being still of the age when a Malay looks about for easy work at a large remuneration. He had not been on a shooting trip before and did not find the work

easy. The Chinese cook, Ah Tong, was just an ordinary Hylam cook of about 30 years of age, who had been with me for several years. He says he likes the jungle, always gets fever, can make very good bread, but was generally more nuisance than he was worth. Mat Yasin I will not describe here, his description is so intimately interwoven with this narrative that anything more than that would be superfluous. He has hunted with me for years, and has been in at the death of many a noble quarry.

"All aboard the lugger" and we start off from Kuala Jerang soon after eight o'clock, two men poling. The Triang is too full of snags to paddle a boat with safety, despite the constant expenditure of money on clearing the river. The work being done by Malays is never done thoroughly.

I did not intend spending much time looking for game down the Triang. I knew where the best heads were likely to be found if they were in the vicinity of the river at all; but railway construction and other annoyances have sadly interfered with the haunts of the Triang big game, and the older beasts with their great cunning and their fine trophies are difficult now to find in that part of the country.

Near Pasir Neran there is sometimes to be found a noble old seladang who is generally by himself but occasionally with a herd. He is easily distinguishable because he makes a noise when he breathes like a tank engine panting up a steep grade. He has a track so round that most people would mistake it for that of a buffalo, and his horns—well he is, as far as I know, still alive and one of my readers might meet him, so I will not say how big his horns have appeared to me; but, if you come across him and are anxious to get a trophy that will probably rival the great head that was shot by Mr. da Pra and now lies in the D.O.'s house in Kuala Pilah, follow him up and get him if you can. He will be well worth any trouble that you may go to.

Near Kuala Triang an elephant with a fair-sized track occasionally crosses the river; as he clammers up the bank, if it be steep, he generally uses his tusks to help himself up by; look for the marks of these tusks, and if the points are about nine inches apart and you can comfortably get your fists into the hole, follow him also. He has got six feet tusks if they are an inch, but he is very cunning, I know; he bushed me once and I was very hungry for twenty-four hours, consequently I have a feud against him; he is, I expect, still laughing because that little incident happened five years ago and I have never seen him again—but that is a tale that will keep for some other day.

About once a year a very large elephant crosses the Triang near Kuala Pertang Kanan: now that is an elephant, or the *hantu* of one, I have not quite made up my mind where to place him, but as I came across him on my return from this trip I will tell you my opinion of that elephant later on. With the exception of these two or three beasts I doubt whether there is anything really big in the Triang now, so I decided to look for their tracks only, and failing to find them to push on to the Pahang River and go into the valley of the Jinka, a tributary of the Pahang, where there used to be a very big elephant which I was anxious to go after. Below the Negri Sembilan and Pahang boundary at Sungei Dua there are a series of padangs commencing a little above Plangai and continuing down to Kuala Pertang Kanan: these open spaces are sometimes almost connected, sometimes as far as a mile apart, with exceptionally thick jungle all round them. There is a large herd of seladang which lives in this locality, probably about twenty-five beasts in all, but they generally break up into small parties of six to ten, and having been much hunted seldom stay very long in the same place. One of their most favourite haunts is a padang known as Padang Menggas, which lies about a day's journey down stream from Kuala Jerang, so I made up my mind to camp there the first day out and visit the padang in the evening on the chance of picking up new tracks.

The padangs near the Triang are frequently burnt off by Malays who pass up and down the river, and as the lalang with which they are covered burns up completely when fired in the dry weather, there is at times a supply of the most attractive food for the seladang when the new shoots spring up.

We camped about four o'clock, a little above Padang Menggas. A nasty drizzle had set in which looked like lasting, and as we had to make a camp a site on the river bank had to be cleared for it. I did not think it worth while going further down the river. About five o'clock Yasin and I went through the jungle towards the padang, and approaching from the land side were at once rewarded by the sight of some half a dozen seladang quietly feeding well in the middle of the clearing. We watched them for some time, trying to make out the head of a fair-sized bull which was feeding at the far side of the herd. I never saw his head plainly, but I do not think that he was anything very much, the dorsal ridge which I saw quite plainly was not very well developed. What interested me most was the attitude of an old cow who was obviously acting as sentry: she stood practically stock-still with her

nose pointing up wind, very occasionally turning her head round to survey the padang, but never, as far as I could see, putting it down to feed. We tried a manoeuvre to reach the far side of the clearing to get a better view of the bull, but unfortunately in carrying this out we had to pass very close to a half-grown cow who, I expect, heard us. Anyway by the time we arrived at the other side the entire herd had vanished. However, we had a good evening's entertainment and I returned to camp well satisfied with what I had seen. If my old friend with the heavy breath had been there, perhaps I would not have been quite so contented had I failed to get a chance at him.

Early next morning I went with Yasin to the padang on the off chance that the seladang might be there again, and with seladang in the district one never knew when the old beast might not turn up, but we drew blank, so returned to camp and were soon on our way down-stream.

We arrived at Buntar shortly after ten o'clock, the place where the Pahang Railway crosses the Triang River, at the moment a very busy spot, construction work being in full swing. The temporary bridge spanning this river for construction purposes appeared to me to be very near the water which was comparatively low for the Triang; in times of heavy flood some difficulty would be experienced in taking a boat with an awning under the bridge at all, in fact it would be an impossibility if the awning were a high one.

We stopped here about half an hour, Ah Tong going ashore to buy some fresh provisions. While there he met a Malay who had been on a previous shooting trip with me who told him that he had lately been with Imam Prang Samah, the brother of the Raja Kiah, after elephants, and that 'Mem Prang had wounded three elephants, one of them a very big tusker, somewhere in the district of Ulu Rompin, at least that was what Ah Tong understood him to say. I did not see the Malay, but as I hoped to see Imam Prang himself in a day or two I expected to get the news first hand from him.

We pushed on down river and arrived at Jerneh near nightfall where we made our camp.

A herd of elephants had been along the banks of the Triang the previous night, but no signs of a big one with them so we did not bother about them. Jerneh is a great place for peafowl. I have seen as many as eleven at one time on the river banks, and on this occasion on the following morning we saw quite a number, but were unable to get the chance of a shot. A young peahen is a great delicacy, but avoid an old peafowl unless you have the teeth of a beast of prey. We came out on to the broad flood of the Pahang River about ten

o'clock. The river was fairly high and it took us until noon to get up to Guai, 'Men Prang's *kampung*, which is only a little way up stream on the other side of the Pahang River. Imam Prang Samah had gone down river to Kuala Bera for a Malay funeral, but was expected back that evening, so I had to camp at Guai and await his return, because I wanted him to accompany me on my trip.

When he did turn up, about dusk, I at once tackled him about his late hunting trip, and soon had plenty to think about. It appeared that he had wounded, during the last three months, four elephants and bagged none, and to my utter disgust he told me that one of the unfortunate four was the Jinka bull which I was so anxious to go after. He also incidentally mentioned that he had fired at three seladang, all of which he had *missed*. To make matters worse from my point of view, I felt that I was myself to blame, because I was responsible to a great extent for the pass which 'Men Prang had so grossly abused. To depart from my hunting experiences, let me go back a year to explain how 'Mem Prang came to shoot big game, or more correctly at big game, at all.

In 1908 I was in Pahang on business connected with the route of one of the main roads, and 'Mem Prang went with me. I came down the Triang, as on this occasion, and picked him up at Guai. He was then in a great state because a rogue elephant had been doing a great deal of damage to his crops, and had repeatedly broken down the fence that was put up to protect them from the depredations of deer and pig. He lamented the fact that he was unable to shoot this elephant, it gave him no chance at night when in the crops because he could not see it, and it was forbidden for him to follow it up under the existing game regulations. I was then naturally unable to devote myself to sport until the completion of my work, but told 'Mem Prang that I believed, under the special circumstances, I would be able to obtain a permit for him from the Government to shoot *this particular elephant*. In due course I arrived at Kuala Lipis, and saw Mr. C., the Resident, and told him the tale of 'Mem Prang's woes and asked that a pass might be given to him to go after this elephant. 'Mem Prang also saw Mr. C., and was so pleased at getting a pass for the elephant that he at once asked for a permit to kill a seladang, *any seladang*, which, rather to my surprise, was given to him. As events turned out, the result of this permit, which was renewed at the end of six months, was a long list of wounded elephants and three very frightened seladang: that is to say

if 'Mem Prang's story can be credited that he missed all the seladang, but more of the seladang presently.

This is a good lesson as to the evil that may be done by giving Malays passes to go after big game, even when they are known to you personally, even when you think that they can be trusted, and even when you specify the actual beast that they have to go after. Yes, I know that I was to blame for this especially bad case, but there are many others, and the whole question of game protection should be gone into with the advice of those who understand the subject, advice which I am sure those who have the knowledge would readily place at the service of the Government if they were asked for it.

I, perhaps, may be excused for being very angry with 'Mem Prang about the Jinka elephant. He knew quite well that it was my desire to go after it on this trip because I had seen him a few months previously and had talked to him about this very beast, and when he told me that he had seen its tusks quite plainly and that they were at least four feet out of his head, I felt very like committing murder. However, there was no undoing the past, so I left the subject and we discussed the ways and means of our next move.

CHAPTER II.

AN ELUSIVE ELEPHANT AND AN OBLIGING SELADANG.

I had only brought enough men with me for my boat, so it was necessary for me to engage several more for any overland work that I wished to undertake. Imam Prang Samah said that he would be delighted to go and that his son Ahmat would also accompany us. I figured out that I should want at least two more men and these 'Mem Prang was soon able to engage. The boat that I had brought down from Kuala Jerang I had promised to send back there—I had a boat of my own which had come down from Kuala Lipis which was at Guai—so I tried to engage two men at the *kampung* to take the boat back up the Triang, about a four days' journey with an empty boat. There were several offers but the *kampung* Malays at Guai valued their services at such a high rate that I could not come to anything like reasonable terms with them, and decided to wait until I returned from my trip up the Jinka and send the boat back with two of my own men. The next day, the 11th of June, we paddled down the Pahang

River as far as Kuala Bera where we stopped the night. It was necessary to make some alteration to the awning of my own boat which I was now using for the first time and which was most uncomfortably top-heavy, and, as there was a Malay boat-builder there with some reputation as a workman, I arranged with him to do the work while we were away in the Jinka valley. We tried for teal and jungle fowl in the evening but were not lucky enough to come across any; there are quantities of teal all round Kuala Bera during the months of February and March, but later on in the year they break up their flocks and disperse, goodness only knows where. One occasionally comes across a few in the abandoned padi swamps, but never in the quantities that are met in the early part of the year. The following morning I crossed the Pahang river with a few days' supplies and struck inland for a place called Puchong where seladang and elephants were often to be found.

There was some years ago, alas! I am afraid that he is no more, a very well-known seladang which frequented this district and was known to the initiated as the "Seladang Putih of Bukit Si Gumpal." I have never seen his fresh track, but on several occasions have seen old ones; he must have been seen, a very heavy and old bull. He had been seen by many natives and was supposed to have a white frontlet to his head in place of the usual tawny grey one; he frequently raided the young padi nurseries; and at times did considerable damage, apparently being unafraid of the haunts of man, a very extraordinary thing in a seladang. He has not been seen now for two or three years and Yasin told me that when he was in Pahang at the beginning of 1908 he was told by some Sakais near there that they had killed a very large seladang which they said had entered their clearing at night, that he had a very fine massive head and was the biggest seladang which they had ever seen. No mention was made concerning the existence or otherwise of a white frontlet. This was possibly *the* seladang, and its noble head and horns are where? Rotting in the jungle; the Sakais do not bother about the horns as a rule, you see they cannot eat them.

We had a fairly rough walk to Puchong and on arrival there hunted up a Malay who was living in the old clearing, and inquired from him if he had any news of elephants or seladang. He had plenty, but nothing had very recently visited his estate; he, however, said that there was frequently an old bull seladang hanging about on or near the track

which we proposed to follow on our way towards the Jinka, and we ought to come across his fresh tracks with anything like reasonable luck. We continued our journey and very shortly crossed the fresh spoor of a herd of seladang which had been feeding in a swamp through which the path roamed. There was no sign of a big bull with this herd and as we wanted to make a camp at the edge of a clearing which 'Mem Prang said we had ample time to reach, we did not spend any time following this herd. We came out into Padang Ulu Sungei where we proposed to camp fairly early in the afternoon, and I at once recognised it as a padang that I had been to some five years previously when after a herd of seladang which I had followed from Batu Rakit, not far from Bukit Si Gumpal. There was an old hut on the edge of the jungle which had been erected by some Malays who had brought their buffaloes to graze in the padang during an outbreak of cattle disease in the *kampungs* near by, and as this hut was still fairly habitable I soon had it put in a state of luxurious comfort.

In the evening Yasin, 'Mem Prang and myself went out into the padang which was a large narrow one, and found at the far end the one-day-old tracks of a large herd of seladang, no doubt the same beasts whose tracks we had crossed earlier in the day. Continuing our tramps, we entered a small belt of jungle and soon found ourselves emerging into another padang and, with seladang in the vicinity, were prepared to come across something to interest us. We followed through this padang very cautiously and at the very end, when we had given up hope of seeing anything in the open, we suddenly heard a seladang sniffing in the jungle just in front of us. Five minutes later he would have been well out in the open. We heard a slight movement and then all was silent. Presently we entered the jungle and at once picked up his tracks which shewed us that he had been just on the fringe of the jungle and had probably seen us. Anyway he had quietly turned round and walked back along his own tracks. He had obviously not got our wind, otherwise he would most certainly have rushed off in the way that a seladang invariably does when he gets the hated scent of man. It was getting too dark to follow him far, and as he had not the track of either an old or very big beast we decided to return to camp.

This bull was probably a young one which had wandered away from the adjacent herd. They often do this, and one may spend some time following up a solitary seladang only to find when you do see him that he has not a head worth shooting.

During the night we were disturbed by the moaning cry of a tiger quite close to our camp. He hung about for some time and caused some anxiety amongst my Malays. I was sleeping high up in the Malay hut some fifteen feet from the ground so could afford to treat the matter with levity and be very brave. The Malays were on the ground.

I decided to have a look round for the big bull which I felt certain would be somewhere in the vicinity of the herd which we knew was close to us, so soon after daylight the following morning three of us went out and following up the little stream which passed below our hut, and which higher up would take us through several more padangs and blaker. We had been going about an hour when we entered a small clearing on a steep hill side. Here we found the tracks of the previous evening of a solitary seladang. He had a large track and we decided to follow him. Tracking was slow on the high ground owing to the extreme dryness of the weather. In half an hour we knew that we were following an old and cunning beast: his methods of feeding shewed him to be cunning, and a seladang does not get really "slim" until he gets on in life. Nowhere had he eaten anything but a passing mouthful in or near the centres of the clearings through which his tracks took us, but round the edges and just inside the jungle where the rank grass had forced itself into the thick undergrowth, he had been feeding for many hours. He had lain down twice during the night, each time selecting a spot entirely shut in by undergrowth on all sides but that on which he entered and left by. When a seladang does these things you can be certain that you are following an old beast, and it will well repay you any trouble that you may be put to should you be lucky enough to obtain his head.

Soon we came to the head of the valley that the seladang had followed, and were presently creeping through the most heart-breaking country to track through, swampy underfoot, long elephant grass above one's head interspersed with thick clumps of undergrowth which might have been specially planted there to hide the seladang. We felt that we should find him in this stuff, his track was wet and glistening, but to move noiselessly in a swamp is a tough problem.

We actually got to within a dozen yards of him when suddenly I saw a movement a little way to my right, and surmised, incorrectly as it turned out, that the best was there.

My attention and that of Yasin's being rivetted on the waving about of some of the elephant grass, we failed to notice what I think we must have seen had we looked right

ahead, that the seladang was staring at us through a leafy thicket under which he had been lying down. A snort and a rush proclaimed his whereabouts, and the extreme tension of one's nerves, which feel at such moments as if they were ready to tear asunder, was instantly relieved, although with a feeling of much mortification and annoyance. I think it must have been a bird in the elephant grass that had caused the movement which had attracted our notice, and given the seladang the opportunity which he did not require to be told to make use of. We examined the spot where our friend had been standing, and when I said that we might have seen him had we looked, I meant that we might have seen an ear or a horn or something equally indefinite to shoot at, because his body must have been entirely covered by the aforesaid thicket. Well, to cut a long story short, we tracked him until 2 p.m., and came up to him again about one o'clock, but never had a chance. He was quite up to my game and fully alert. Towards the latter part of the hunt he kept moving about in half circles in thick bluker, and when I saw that he was doing this I somehow felt that he did not intend to give me a second opportunity of seeing his head. It is quite possible that he was one of 'Mem Prang's *missed* seladang.

We left him near a large padang at Batu Rakit, and on our way home we passed the spot where 'Mem Prang had failed to hit a big bull seladang in the open at 40 yards. He shewed me the exact spot, where he fired from, and where the unsuspecting beast was standing quietly feeding, exposing the whole of his vitals to this Malay Nimrod, who did not seem at all ashamed of his failure. It was just *Nasib tida baik, Tuan*; that explained the whole thing. How lucky to be a Malay and have a temperament like that, the attitude of "nothing matters" reduced to a fine art.

Next day we moved our camp and travelling across country passed through Bukit Si Gumpal, crossed the Jinka, and went towards the *ulu* of one of the small tributaries of that river, putting up for the night at the house of an ancient Malay who rejoiced in the name of the Datoh Mukim Simun.

We crossed the fresh tracks of a bull elephant on our journey but he could not have been very big from his track. We heard all sorts of news of game close at hand, and one man told us that the big elephant which 'Mem Prang had wounded had been close to his *kampung* about ten days previously. This little piece of news cheered me up wonderfully for the time being, but unfortunately proved to be quite false on investigation. This marvellous piece of human

intelligence had heard a noise in the bamboos opposite his house on a Sunday night, and because some two months before the big elephant had been in that particular clump of bamboos also on a Sunday night it stood as already proved to this village Solomon that the noise must have been made by the same elephant. No elephant had been there at all!!!

I spent two nights at 'To Mukim's *kampung*, and visited several padangs near at hand on the intervening day; we found tracks of elephant and seladang a few days' old, but never a sign of a new track of the old beast I was so anxious to have a shot at. It appears that previous to 'Mem Prang's escapade this old bull had spent about three months knocking about the *kampungs* in the *ulus* of the many tributaries of the Jinka, and had done some damage here and there to coconut and kabong trees; we saw quantities of his old tracks—they were very large, over 18" in diameter—but he had obviously never returned since 'Mem Prang had wounded him.

On the 16th we crossed over to the Jumpol and kept a careful look out for new tracks but with no luck. I sent two of my men back to Kuala Bera from the Jinka for more supplies which I told them to bring to my camp at the Jumpol by boat. I also bought a good supply of rice through 'To Mukim, as I intended to spend some time making a wide cast to the north from my new camp to try and cut the tracks of the old bull, which I thought had gone in that direction after being wounded by 'Mem Prang. I selected a nice spot on the banks of the Jumpol for my camp, near to a Chinese Kedai, the owner of which was engaged in the usual trading with the Malays and Sakais of the district. I got hold of a local Malay named Sahat who was supposed to know the haunts of the seladang near by, and he told me that there were plenty to be found a little way downstream and that he thought that he would be able to take me to them easily enough on the morrow. Unfortunately on the morrow this local Malay's knowledge of the jungle proved to be more in his imagination than in reality. We found no new tracks, and had some difficulty in getting back to camp. As Yasin had been here before, I consulted with him as to what to do. He advised that we should take a boat and go down river two or three miles to some padangs which he remembered were to be found close to the river bank, and this I decided I would do the next day.

The following morning, after having paddled down the river for about an hour, we met a boat with my two Malays from Kuala Bera with the stores. They informed us that two or three bends further down the river a herd of seladang had

crossed during the night, and that about a mile down a solitary elephant had crossed yesterday morning. I enquired about the elephant but they said that he had not a very big track. It was not therefore the old bull.

We soon came to the place where the seladang had scrambled up the bank and followed a well-defined game track which, after taking us through some thick bluker, led us up to a large padang. The tracks were those of a large herd, and we would have the usual trouble to locate the bull if we did not have the luck to find them in the open. It was still quite early in the morning, barely seven o'clock, and as it was dull and misty we had every chance of coming up to them before they retired into the jungle. We passed through a series of padangs where the seladang had fed extensively, but when we came to what looked like the last one and still saw no signs of the herd themselves we were somewhat disappointed. They had scattered about a good deal to feed and it took us some little time to locate where they had entered the jungle. Presently we found that by following the biggest track we were converging towards a corner of the jungle, and here, just on the edge, we found a place where a big beast had been lying down. I stooped down and felt the "form," it was still warm. We were now surrounded by myriads of flies, a sure sign that the seladang were close at hand. I signed to the other men to stop behind and Yasin and I entered the jungle alone. Coming out of the padang the jungle at first was uncomfortably dark, and we had to go very slowly to avoid making a mistake. We peered here, we peered there, going down on our hands and knees to look under the smaller jungle growth. It had rained during the night and we were able to creep about without any fear of alarming the seladang by the noise of our movements. We followed the tracks of the big beast and of course almost ran into a cow which had come from another direction. With a whistle of alarm she bolted, so did another a little to her right, still another beast moved away in front of us, but it did not go quickly and did not seem alarmed. I followed it up at once. It had halted after going a few yards and I could see where it was quite distinctly but could not see its head, and I was most anxious to shoot only an old bull. He moved off but again without much of a demonstration, and waiting for a few minutes we followed. Then I had a chance which I did not take and which ought to have cost me the trophy. We were going down a slight slope; at the bottom of this slope was a small stream, and as the opposite bank was fairly steep we had a good view of anything on it from our side. Suddenly I

spotted the bull, for bull I knew it was now, seeing quite distinctly his great dorsal ridge which stood up at least four inches above the line of his back. I saw his shoulder, I saw his nose, in fact I saw everything that I wanted to see except his horns which were hidden by a small tree, and I was hungry for a sight of his horns. I could have killed him easily enough, his entire vitals were exposed to the most deadly of shots, the shot that rakes forward from behind the shoulder, but still I poked my head here and there to try and get a sight of those elusive horns. Yasin and I watched him for quite half a minute when suddenly he disappeared. I should have taken the sign given to me, that was the size of the dorsal ridge, which is a certain test of an old bull: only old bulls have a well defined rise from the back such as this one had. But he was destined to die anyway, for we came up to him again within ten minutes, in fact nearly ran into him. He had followed a game track and as I was hurrying along it, never thinking for a moment that he would have stopped again so soon, I came on him round a tree standing broadside on about twelve paces away. I was so taken by surprise that I sprang back and nearly cannoned into Yasin who was directly behind me. The seladang was staring over his shoulder at us and almost immediately I got a good view of his horns which I realised at once were a fine pair, of that dark olive tint so beloved by the hunter but so difficult to see in the thickness of the jungle. I wasted no time now in firing at his shoulder. He gave a great bound forward, turned half round, going away from us all the time and quite invisible after the shot, and then fell crashing to the ground to rise no more. His death-groan was the signal for us to close up, and his throat was cut with the usual ceremony by Yasin, but low down on the neck to enable the skin to be utilised for setting up at some future date. He had a magnificent head one of the finest that I have ever obtained. The horns had an outside span of 39"; but he had a disappointing shoulder measurement, only just touching 17 hands. We were fairly close to the river, although some way down-stream from the place where we had left the boat, but it was early in the day, so I sent Sahat back to camp for another boat, the men who I had left in camp, and my camera. He followed a track back which took him through a kampong called Ulu Memgkuang, and there passed the word that seladang meat was to be had for the asking and described the locality of the kill. About 10 a.m. a large collection of Malays, men, women, and children, arrived with an expectant look on their faces and with many an ejaculation of astonishment at the

size of the dead beast. I would not, however let them cut it up until I had done what was necessary with my camera.

A peculiar incident occurred which was quite unique in my experience. With the Malays from Ulu Mengkuang was an old man, tall and spare, who obviously had no interest in the meat side of the question because he was entirely devoid of teeth. This old man was much interested in the place where the seladang's throat had been cut. He carefully examined it and then remarked that it was customary to cut the throat of a buffalo much higher up. I explained that I wanted to save the scalp with a good portion of the neck for setting-up purposes, but this did not convey very much to him. Before the arrival of the camera I left the carcass for some time to examine the tracks of the other seladang, and while I was away the old man evidently had a good deal to say about this, to him, extraordinary way of killing a beast which was supposed to be *halal*. On the arrival of the men from my camp I took several photos of the bull, and then gave orders to start and cut the beast up, commencing myself to work on his head.

I presently noticed that most of the men from Mengkuang were doing nothing, and very shortly they began to move off in twos and threes without taking any meat at all. I called to some of them and asked them where they were going to, and was told that as the bull was an old one the eating of the meat would bring out sores on their legs!!!

Of course I was not deceived by this explanation, but did not press the point and the Ulu Mengkuang contingent departed. Afterwards I asked the other Malays the reason of this sudden change, and they said that *Orang Tua*, I forget his name, had told them that as the throat of the beast had not been cut directly beneath the ears, they should not eat any of the meat because it was *haram*. Where he got this idea from I do not know, perhaps some of my more enlightened readers can tell me. The remaining natives did not consider it *haram* and so got all the more meat.

Unfortunately the photographs that I took of this seladang, together with a good many others, were ruined by the damp before I had an opportunity of developing them; I thus lost many pleasant reminiscences of this expedition.

(The accompanying photograph of a seladang is not of this beast but of a very old bull that I got on another occasion in the Krau Valley).

We got back to camp about four o'clock and I spent the evening cleaning up the scalp and skull. I also had some work to do on it the following day, so remained in camp.



Yasin went up the river a little way to a kampong where a big elephant was reported to have been a few days earlier, but from its tracks Yasin deduced that it was not worth going after. I left the next morning to make a wide detour towards the north to try and pick up tracks of the big bull from the Jinka.

Soon after leaving camp we passed the road survey of what I was informed was the route of the main trunk road from Benta to Kuantan, although it was difficult to conceive what the road could be doing so near to the Pahang River at that point. Possibly a direct route was not desired, but to anyone who knows that part of the country, and who knows that between the *ulus* of tributaries of the Tikam and Lepar Rivers quite easy country is to be found for a road route, the decision to take the road through a portion of the Jumpol Valley means a very considerable lengthening which is not absolutely necessary.

For the next ten days we travelled in the vicinity of the *ulus* of the Jumpol and the Jinka, finally finding our way back to our camp on the Jumpol on the 28th of June.

Three days we spent and many miles we covered following up a herd of elephants which was accompanied by a big bull which was thought might possibly be the old rogue from the Jinka, only to find when we did at last get a sight of him that he had miserably small and short tusks. We were taken by some Sakais to a very large salt lick on a tributary of the Jinka, the Taram Loket (*taram* is the local name for salt lick), but there were no signs of a new track there, in fact our journey was unsuccessful inasmuch as the search for the old bull elephant was unfruitful, but we saw quantities of fresh tracks of seladang and elephant, which, had I not been after some particular beast would have supplied us with plenty of sport. I fancy that the old bull elephant had made tracks after having been wounded by 'Mem Prang up to the headwaters of the Lepar where he would be exceedingly difficult to pick up owing to the difficulties of transport in such an out-of-the-way spot.

Unfortunately I struck a nasty attack of fever on the journey which delayed us a little, and when I arrived back at the Jumpol I was not feeling very fit.

We left the next morning by boat for Kuala Bera, half my men going back overland. About half way down the river we were hailed by some Malay women who were on the bank who told us that for the last two nights an elephant had visited their clearing which was about a mile inland, and had done a good deal of damage to their plantains and Indian corn.

They said that they had heard that there was an *Orang Puteh* up the river at Sahat's *kampung* who was in search of elephants and that they were going up the river to ask him to come down and rid them of this pest. I explained that I was the *Orang Puteh* and asked them if there were no men in their *kampung*. They answered with much laughter that there were plenty, but that they had been sent to look for me. The men were, I suppose, too tired!!!

I tied up the boat and told the women that I would come ashore and have a look at the elephant's tracks, which I would follow if I found that they were those of a big bull.

Yasin and I with old Mat Linggi followed the women—it is always as well to take an old man with you on such occasions—and soon came to where the elephant had crossed the path to the clearing. The tracks were those of quite a big bull so I decided to follow him. We pushed on to the clearing and soon learnt that the elephant had been quite close to the edge of the jungle up to daylight that morning, and since then had been heard only a short distance away so I anticipated no difficulty in getting up to him. I sent Mat Linggi back to the boat to tell Ah Tong to make a camp at the edge of the river as I should not probably be back till late, and would not proceed further down river that day. Accompanied by two of the tired men, we followed the tracks of the bull, and soon came to where he had lain down. He had been gone about an hour.

Yasin and I went on by ourselves now and presently heard the cracking of a branch ahead of us. We halted and I struck a match to ascertain the direction of the wind. It was favourable for a frontal attack so we proceeded as quickly as we could towards the sound. Soon many elephant noises struck on our ears, the flapping of his ears, the little satisfied grunts that an elephant indulges in when his stomach is full and he is feeling quite pleased with himself, and the shuffling of his feet as he swayed about from side to side. He was standing behind a very big tree, and the cunning old fellow, before taking up his stand alongside this tree, had broken down a sapling about nine inches in diameter, which he had forced over with his foot so as to make a sort of bower. This was the noise we had heard which first gave us his position. Here he was protected on one side by the wind, and on the leeward side by a big tree and a leafy canopy which almost touched the ground and entirely hid him from our view. We got right up to the buttresses of the tree and were within ten yards of him without being able to see him. I dodged about around this tree and at last made out that he was standing with his hind quarter towards me. His great back seemed to tower up

over my head, terminating in a round mass which I concluded must be his head, fringed with two tattered garments which could only be his ears. Of his tusks I could not see a vestige. I have observed that if it takes you a very long time to pick up an elephant's tusks when you are at close quarters in thick jungle, when you do see them they are probably not very long. Of course this close proximity could not last long, as, however the wind was, he was bound to get our scent before long. I had just moved away a little from the tree and was squatting down trying to get a sight of his tusks, when suddenly without the slightest warning he rushed out from his bower and was instantly in full flight. But he did not see me for the moment and I thought that he was coming right on top of me; he hesitated, turned a little and then went off, crashing down everything before him in his mad terror. When he hesitated, I had a sufficient glimpse of his tusks to stay my finger from pulling the trigger. I could have killed him, I think, because I saw very plainly his entire head which was not more than a dozen yards from me when he turned. But again, although a big elephant, his tusks were not good, and would not I think have weighed more than 30 pounds the pair.

The moment the excitement was over, and I can assure you it was exciting enough, I felt that I had another go of fever on me and was soon shaking with ague. We had followed the elephant farther than I thought. To make matters worse the local men took us back to the path that we had followed from the boat by a short cut which was about twice as far as the way we had come, and by the time I arrived back at our camp I was very done up. I shall never forget that afternoon. It was fearfully hot and I was stretched out on my camp bed with nothing between me and the sun except a couple of *kadjangs*. There was no shelter near by and one just had to stick it out. But, as the ancient king took as his motto "This too shall pass away," so I tried to console myself with the thought that it would be cooler as the afternoon wore on and that there must be an end to my fever some time or other.

Next morning I am afraid that I was not up very early, and we did not break up camp until about eight o'clock.

Before we left, the women from the backwoods came down to the river again, on their way to a fishing expedition, so they said—I told Mat Linggi that they had come down to see him—and they told us that the elephant had not returned during the night.

We soon came out on to the Pahang River and made our way up stream towards Kuala Bera. We halted at

Persagi, a *kampung* on the left bank, where we decided to camp as we could not possibly get to Kuala Bera in a day. Here we got news of a solitary elephant which had been into some padi nurseries about three days before, but which the headman assured us was always hanging about and would certainly be doing damage again very soon. He begged that I would stay there a day or two and go after it. We examined the tracks which were those of quite a small elephant, and the enormous damage that it had done consisted in walking through the edge of a young nursery, and knocking down a portion of a fence which a man could easily have repaired in an hour. *Kampung* Malays are very fond of greatly exaggerating the damage that elephants do to their crops; a Malay finds it so difficult to persuade himself to work at all that when he has done something it is a dreadful calamity to find that some of his labour has been wasted, and he is liable to multiply the trouble in his imagination. Of course I do not mean to say that elephants do not at times do damage which is a serious matter to the owner of the property, but they do it much less often than the Malays would have you believe. Much to the disappointment of the Persagi Malays I would not go after their elephant.

The next day we continued our journey to Kuala Bera, and, as I found it very uncomfortable in the boat, Yasin and I went overland. I again had a severe dose of fever, which made the journey a long and tiring one, and I was very glad to get to Kuala Bera. But despite the fever we beat the boat easily which did not get in until seven o'clock. I had to wait at Kuala Bera two nights because the old wretch who had undertaken to do the slight alterations that were necessary to my boat had only just started on it, a job that would only take a couple of men two days to complete. He had had the boat for twenty days. He had been doing nothing else, but was just too lazy to make his mind up to tackle the work and get it finished. When he did finish it, he tried to swindle me by putting on the awning some old *hadjangs* which he strove unsuccessfully to palm off on me as new ones.

On the 3rd of July we poled up the river to Guai, where we camped at Imam Prang's *kampung*. Mat, one of the Malays whom I had engaged there, was suffering from a bad foot which was much inflamed and obviously wanted a rest; he had also a touch of fever so I decided to pay him off. The other Malay who had been most anxious to go the round trip with me now cried off, the reason given being that he thought that he was to have received 50 cents a day, instead of which he

was being paid at the rate of \$12 a month and his *fond*. The real reason was that he heard when he returned to Guai that fabulous sums could be made by working on the Railway construction, and I suppose he thought also that he could get an easier job. I sent Mat Linggi and Juansa back to Kuala Jerang with the boat that I had brought down from there, with instructions to return overland to Kuala Semantan, where I would meet them in about a week's time. Juanasa now disappears from the story. When he arrived at Kuala Jerang he coolly informed Mat Linggi that he did not intend to go back to Kuala Semantan, shouldered his pack and departed to Pertang. I have never seen him from that day to this. When I returned to Pertang he was there, but he had not the hardihood to come and ask for the balance of his wages. He had had most of them in advance. I arrived at Kuala Semantan next day, and as I was still seedy I stopped there with Mr. P., the District Officer, who showed me every kindness. I had a week of low fever which kept me to the house, but the rest did me good, and I am glad to say that I was not troubled with any sickness afterwards on this expedition.

CHAPTER III.

THE KRAU RIVER.

Allowing my men six days to take the boat back up the Triang and return overland to Kuala Semantan, I expected that they would arrive at the latest on Saturday morning, but when Monday morning arrived and there was still no sign of them I decided to continue my journey minus the Pirate and Juanasa.

I was able to engage four Malays from the district who were willing to go with me up the Tembeling and back to Pertang, and I also took with me a large supply of rice, because I heard that there was a great scarcity of that necessary commodity in the Ulu Tembeling and I was not sure whether I should be able to replenish my stock on my journey or not.

We left Kuala Semantan about 10 a.m., and poling up the river fairly quickly arrived at Kuala Tekal about four o'clock. I tied my boat up there and camped at the house of Syed Mahomet who kindly put his verandah at my disposal. I had availed myself of his courtesy on a previous occasion, and in the evening I met several Malays from the *kampung* whom I knew, and we had a long chat on matters connected with sport. Amongst other

news I heard that there was a solitary elephant near by, so on the following morning, instead of leaving at daylight, I went to inspect the tracks. Those I saw must have been months old, and were not the tracks of a big elephant. Starting late from Kuala Tekal we poled up to the mouth of the Krau River which we reached at about three o'clock. I stopped there for a few minutes to try and see Imam Dollah, an old Malay who lives at the mouth of the Krau and who can give one most of the news that is going, but unfortunately he was away in his rice fields and I did not want to delay my journey so entered the Krau.

What sad memories this river calls to one's mind. It was here, not very far from the Kuala, where Captain Syers, one of the truest sportsmen that ever lived in the Malay States, met his death when hunting seladang. I have been through that part of the jungle where poor Syers was charged for the last time by a wounded bull seladang, and although I did not know the exact spot where the tragedy took place, the denseness and thickness of the undergrowth shewed to me easily enough how an accident might happen. The water in the river was very low, and we had doubts about being able to get up to the Sakai clearings, which were some considerable distance up the river. During the two days that it took us to get there we were out of the boat pulling it over logs and sand banks as often as we were in the boat. On the second night we camped near an old clearing where I shot the big seladang whose photograph I have already shown you. Here we found the tracks of a solitary bull seladang, but he did not put in an appearance that night, so in the morning we continued our journey and arrived late in the afternoon at the first Sakai encampment near Kuala Lempat, where we camped for the night.

There is a large collection of Sakais here, and we soon got on friendly terms with an old man who could talk Malay quite fluently and who gave us a good deal of information. He told us that the headmen, who went by the names of the Batin Ulu and the Batin Hilir, two brothers, lived some half a day's journey up the river, that there were reported to be many seladang near where the Batins lived and that he would send up messengers on the morrow to bring them down here. In the meantime, if we wanted to go after seladang close to, he would go with us to a place called Bukit Ta Simpai, where there were many old clearings and where we would be certain to find seladang. This arrangement quite suited me as one can readily imagine, so that night we slept the sleep of the just, or perhaps I

should say of the weary, and awoke on the following morning long before cock-crow ready for our tramp.

The Sakais of the Krau are a peculiar mixture of the wild and the tame. Most of them have quite decent houses; they plant hill padi, and many of them bathe, which is a long stride towards civilisation for the Sakai. On the other hand men and women wear no clothes except the *chawat*, generally made out of the bark of the *terap* tree, which can best be described as a very scanty pair of bathing pants without most of the pants. We found a Chinaman amongst them, not a trader, but just living like a Sakai, with a wife of the people: they told us that he had been with them for years.

Two Sakais went with us to Bukit Ta Simpai and after about a two hours' walk through fairly open virgin jungle, we came out into a series of old hill clearings which had only been abandoned for a year and which were covered with short bluker and quantities of grass. Seladang tracks were everywhere but just at first we did not find fresh ones. When we did we had a tremendous time picking out their route through innumerable patches of secondary growth. It was very dry and as there had been a large herd feeding all over these clearings night after night for some time past, it took us till nearly mid-day before we found ourselves getting close to them.

At last we came out into an older clearing which was grown up into high bluker with patches of lalang here and there, and now the signs indicated that we were very near our quarry.

We followed one of the biggest tracks into the jungle at a corner of the clearing, but when we got there other tracks were so numerous that it was difficult to know which to follow, especially as we expected to put a seladang up at any moment. Eventually we found our way back to the clearing, and there stood still to try to hear the beasts which we felt sure were now all round us. What was that? We stiffened and strained every nerve to try to localise the sound. Yes, there it was again, no mistake this time—the breathing of a seladang. I crept forward and was met by an impenetrable wall of old lalang. I looked round and spotted an ant hill, and decided to risk everything and climb up to the top from where I would be able to get a fair view of the clearing, hoping to get a glimpse of a seladang before a seladang got a sight of me. I climbed up and straightening myself quickly, with my rifle ready, looked round. The edge of the clearing was some fifty yards from me and I could see the bluker there waving about in

quite half a dozen places, but not a horn tip could I see belonging to a seladang. Suddenly a calf which was quite close to my ant hill sprung to his feet and stared hard at me, then turned round and quietly ambled off towards the waving bluker. This gave the alarm to the herd and there were several rushes into the jungle but never a seladang did I see. We made a detour to try to cut them off. Their rush was only a short one, and there was a possibility of getting a shot on the edge of the jungle. But our luck was not in this time, for in trying to approach the spot where we knew there were seladang, we almost ran into a bull that was standing quite still behind a thick clump of fern, and with a loud snort he rushed away taking the others with him. This scattered the herd, so we decided on a short rest and some lunch before we attempted to follow them farther. Afterwards we were able to pick out the tracks of a big bull who had gone off by himself; and I hoped to be able to deal with him in a way that it is impossible to deal with a herd, but unfortunately he was joined by a smaller beast after going about half a mile and we had to follow two beasts instead of one.

An hour's tracking brought us close up to them, and we finally got within fifteen yards but with a thick tangle of rattan intervening. We could hear them snuffing about quite distinctly. Suddenly one of them moved away to the left, cleared itself from the rattan, and gave me, for a couple of seconds, a perfectly clear view of its head. It was a cow. She almost at once saw me, swung round with astonishing rapidity, and was gone. The bull followed her, but I never saw him at all. It was getting late in the afternoon so we commenced to make our way back to our camp. On our way home we came across a herd of five elephants, two of them were calves, but there was no bull with them. They were making their way in the direction of the Sakais' clearings; in fact they turned up near our camp that night.

When we arrived at Kuala Lempat the two Batins were awaiting our arrival, and funny old specimens they were too. They were more or less respectably dressed, but the crowning glory of each was a gold-braided pork-pie cap which I expect was kept carefully guarded only to be produced on special occasions. The Batin Hilir, the older of the two, was obviously the master-mind, and seemed a very capable man for a Sakai headman. He had a brilliant pair of black eyes which almost seemed to flash in the darkness, and altogether had an intelligence far above the average aboriginal. He was of opinion that if we came up to his place at Kuala Soeping we would be

certain to get a seladang, as there were a number about there which were quite undisturbed. I inquired if he knew of any particular bull which he could put me on to, and explained to him that I did not care very much about following herds. He would not, however, commit himself, but stuck to it that there were plenty of seladang about.

The following morning the old headman returned up stream in a little dug-out, leaving before daylight, and after we had broken up camp we were conducted by the Batin Ulu, who acted as our guide, to the up-river settlements by a route overland, which took us fairly close to our yesterday's hunting ground, Bukit Ta Simpai. We came across fresh tracks of elephants just after we had left the clearing, but they were those of the elephants we had met the previous day and no bull had obligingly joined them during the night. On our way up we managed to bag a wood partridge and a mouse deer, which was considered a good augury for the future hunting. We arrived at the Batin's place soon after noon, and found that the old man had made a nice little hut on the bank of the river which he wished me to occupy, and was evidently very anxious to make us as comfortable as possible. We ascertained that there was a large clearing about half an hour's walk from our camp where report had it seladang were always to be found, so soon after two o'clock Yasin and I, with one of my Malays and a Sakai guide, went up towards the clearing. Before we arrived there, however, we came across quite fresh tracks of a solitary bull seladang which had crossed the path we were following. We changed our direction and took up the tracks. Almost at once we noticed blood on the track, and after a careful examination decided that he had cut one of his hind feet which was bleeding profusely. We came to a spot where he had lain down and found quite a pool of blood, and afterwards a place where he had been standing shaking his hind leg and distributing the blood all round.

We followed him till nearly four o'clock when we found we were close to the big clearing near our camp, having made a wide circle round it. Proceeding now with great caution, expecting to find him lying down near the edge of the padang, waiting for the cool of the evening when he would probably go out to feed, we heard him quite close to us and almost immediately saw his huge black body for an instant as he rose from his resting place. But I did not see his head, in fact, I only caught a momentary glimpse of him at all before he vanished. We had no time to follow him further that afternoon so returned to camp. I think he must have cut his foot by stepping into one of the Sakai's elephant traps

which were made round most of the clearings. The traps I refer to are scarcely traps inasmuch as they are not made for the purpose of catching or even destroying the elephants, but only with the object of frightening them away. A round hole, roughly two feet in diameter, is excavated with the help of a piece of wood, which is sharpened wedge-shaped, to a depth of about two feet in the centre of a game track. In the middle of this hole a sharpened stake is fixed with the business end upwards. The holes are sometimes covered up but generally left uncovered. They are not very conspicuous and an elephant might easily step into one, mistaking it for a natural hole. Anyway if he does he probably gets a severe wound in the sole of his foot, which no doubt considerably annoys him and may cause him to temporarily relinquish his designs, if he had any, on the Sakai's crops. In hunting near any large Sakai encampments it is always advisable to take a Sakai guide with you who will take good care that you do not stumble on any of their traps. Frequently all the game tracks which pass near their clearings are guarded with many sorts of engines of pain to wild animals, and incidentally to the human animal if he does not know of their whereabouts.

The following morning, the 17th of July, we left camp at daylight intending to return to the spot where we had left the seladang of the previous day, but before we arrived there we picked up the fresh tracks of a big solitary bull which had been feeding in a clearing close to, and we thought it was the same bull. There was no blood on the track, but after so long a time it was not to be expected. We found tracking very slow work as soon as the spoor took us into the big jungle; there had been no rain for weeks and, when we came to places where there were many dead leaves on the ground, Yasin had to track with his back bent double and his face within about three feet of the ground. Yet he is a very fine tracker, the best I have ever seen. This seladang kept us going for several hours before he seemed inclined to stop. We had been tracking him on the north bank of the Krau and shortly before noon his tracks took us across the river. Here he had stopped to drink, and as he followed a well-defined path up the bank, I noticed that the track was still wet. We were close to him now; that was quite certain, so I stopped the coolies and only Yasin, myself, and a gun-bearer proceeded. The ground was so hard that it was impossible for Yasin to keep a look-out for the seladang and watch the track sufficiently closely to prevent him from losing it, so I told him not to bother about the seladang but just watch the track, I would do the looking-out part of the

business. We had not crossed the river more than half an hour when I saw right in front of me a big black mass slowly rising from the ground, then made out the form of a huge seladang turning round in my direction at about thirty yards distance. The jungle was fairly open and I had a comparatively clear view of the beast. But what was clear to me was equally clear to the seladang and just as I fired at his shoulder he gave a bound which turned him right round and I had the horrible feeling that I had missed him. Yasin, who was quite unconscious of the proximity of the seladang—he was slightly to the right of the line of fire—was considerably startled at the shot. The seladang in his rush became entangled in a mass of creepers which nearly fetched him over, and we could hear, although not see distinctly, a tremendous commotion going on for a second or so before he got clear. We waited for a few minutes—never run in to a wounded seladang in thick jungle without you want to get into trouble—and then, with many misgivings, I went up to the place where he had been lying down. Following the track a few yards we saw where he had been caught by the creepers, a few yards further on we found a spot of blood, still a little further a “shambles.” Well, it was all right after all. I had not missed him any way, he was pretty badly hit too, and, with so much blood showing, most likely in the neck. Following a rule that I always try to observe, that is to give a wounded seladang that has got away a good half an hour before following him, although one may think that he is so badly hit that we will be too far gone to fight, we sat down on a convenient ant-hill and waited. The sound of the shot had brought up the men who were behind: they were of course very anxious to know what had happened, and were rather mystified to find us sitting down allowing the seladang to get away. Suddenly we heard a noise not very far ahead of us. I at once jumped to my feet and listened carefully; again the same noise and I felt sure that it was the seladang which had either fallen or lain down and was kicking his hind legs about as he lay on his side. The half hour was not up, but as it seemed that the beast had not gone a hundred yards before being incapacitated, a cautious advance was now permissible. But only Yasin and I went on.

Following the track and going very slowly indeed, we presently heard again a repetition of the previous noise but now it was quite close to us. Then there was a scrambling noise followed by a crash. After this not a sound was to be heard and we moved on a little more. We were in a very

thick patch of jungle which I suppose the beast had sought out as a haven of refuge, and we could only see a few yards in any direction. Still the silence, and we felt certain now that the beast must be dead. Soon a black form shewed up, motionless enough, but which could only be the body of the seladang. When we got up to him he was quite dead, but the first glance at his head disappointed me. He had a very narrow forehead, and although the horns were a sizable pair in circumference—18" at the base—the general appearance of his head was poor owing to lack of breadth. The Malays who accompanied me were quite distressed because we only got up to the beast when he was dead, making the meat uneatable to them owing to the throat cutting ceremony being impossible, but the Sakais reaped the benefit and had every bit of the carcase back into their settlement that night, bones and all. This bull was not the one with the wounded foot after all. There were a great many solitary seladang about in this locality, and we had changed the tracks when we picked up fresh ones in the morning. My bullet, as I had surmised, had hit him in the neck, but he had turned round so quickly when he made up his mind to go, that I had hit him on the opposite side of the neck to that which I had seen when I determined to fire.

We found that we were not more than half an hour's walk from our camp, and the sound of the shot was quite distinctly heard by those left behind. The Batin Ulu who was with us went back to bring his people to cut the beast up and we commenced skinning the head. While doing this we found two bullets in the neck, one peculiar inasmuch as it was made of brass and had probably been fired out of a twelve bore, the other an ordinary small leaden one, but little bigger than a buck shot. Neither of the bullets could have been fired with anything like an adequate charge of powder behind them, or if adequate in quantity very deficient in quality: the penetration had taken the bullets only just beneath the skin. They had evidently been quartered on their unwilling host for some time because there were no scars visible on the skin.

This seladang had horns which were just in the transition stage regarding colour. The horns of an old bull are of a beautiful shade of light olive green with a well-defined line where the colour changes into black at the tips, the black being only a very few inches in an aged animal. The horns of a young seladang are of a light yellow colour at the base and gradually shade off towards the tips into black,

the black portion being more in evidence the younger the animal. The beast I had just killed had horns that were not yellow and yet were not the proper shade of green but had quite clearly-defined black tips. The horns of a young bull appear much more brilliant in colour in life than they do afterwards, and in the jungle the head that is very distinctly seen can be put down at once as that of a young bull. One often hears yarns from Malays who will tell you that they have seen a seladang with white horns which were very large and so on, even hinting that the beast is probably invulnerable. If they saw a seladang at all they saw a young one with light yellow horns.

It would be interesting to know at what age the horns change colour, and how long it takes for the change to take place; probably it extends over two or three years, the shade and grades of colour that are seen prove that it must be a slow process. The age of seladang is difficult to determine. Judging by the standard of domestic cattle, this beast was possibly about ten years old, but of course this can only be a rough guess. When we had the skin off the head I noticed a peculiar look about the jaw, and subsequently, when the skull was clean, found that the bull had had a very severe accident to his jaw, one side of which had been so badly broken that it was about an inch out of place. To compensate for this, one of the upper molars had grown half an inch longer than the others to enable it to close on to its mate below which rested in the hollow where the fracture had been. It is difficult to conceive how the beast had lived during the time that the wound was healing. Now, how had he broken his jaw? It had not been done by a bullet as far as I could see, there being no traces of the missile to be found anywhere, and there was no sign at all of a scar on the skin.

Now, peculiarly enough, this was not the first seladang that I had killed which had had its jaw broken. It was the third. And the previous two had no signs of specks of lead in the healed up bone, and no scars on the skin. One of them was a much worse case than this one because both sides of his jaw had been broken and there was a scar right across his tongue which must have been nearly cut in two, also a hole in his forehead a little above the brain. I can only conclude that seladang get these severe wounds about the head when fighting—wounds which only an animal in a wild state would ever be able to survive. I have shot two seladang with holes in their foreheads which I do not think had been caused by human agency. The first seladang I shot on this trip had

a piece of horn embedded in his skull a little above one eye: it was quite a small piece but there could only be one explanation as to how it got there. It would be interesting to know if other hunters have had similar experiences. It might appear that the bullets which I had found in this bull's neck might have had something to do with the battered state of his skull, but I may say that their position and condition were such that they could not possibly have had any connection with the damage.

I had a busy evening in camp cleaning up the scalp. Unfortunately the photos that I took of this beast also proved failures owing to the damp so affecting my changing box that I was unable to open it without breaking it up. The following day I left camp at daybreak to explore farther up the river, hoping to pick up tracks of a solitary bull elephant which was reported to be in the vicinity. The previous day we had seen spoor about ten days old of quite a sizeable elephant, and as there was a large extent of bluker, which extended for many miles along the river banks, it was quite possible that we might come across fresh tracks. We followed a game track which took us past the big clearing where we had left the seladang with the bleeding foot, and found that, during the night, a solitary seladang had also used this path. His tracks were quite fresh where we picked them up on the path. Now, I did not want another seladang in the Krau, so did not willingly follow him, but we had to keep to the path which the Batin Ulu, who was with us, informed us would take us a good way up-stream and would pass through a favourite feeding ground of elephants. After about half an hour's walking since the time that the seladang's tracks had first attracted our notice—he had never left the path—I stopped for a moment to examine the spoor in a place where the footprints were very plain, to gratify my curiosity as to whether he was an old or a young beast—the outer ridge of the hoof being absent in an old bull as a rule—and I saw a root which he had trodden on and which was actually exuding sap. I beckoned to Yasin and he said that we must be very close to the seladang indeed. Looking round when I stood up—we were in bluker—I suddenly saw, lying down not fifteen yards from the path, on ground slightly higher than we were, a bull seladang. He was lying with his back towards us and I could see the tips of his horns. He was not a very old beast and after having a good look at him—he was absolutely unconscious of our presence—I was just starting to move on when one of my men, I think it was the Batin, made a noise as he retreated down the path.

In an instant what had been an unsuspecting mass of flesh, became a very alert seladang which jumped to its feet and swung round facing us. I stood perfectly still, and believe that even now although he was so close to us, if my followers had kept quiet that the seladang would still be alive but of course they stampeded. The seladang threw up his head and—advanced. I had seen that he had only a young head, the lower part of his horns appeared quite a golden colour, and I did not want to shoot him at all, but this was too much like a hostile demonstration, and at any moment he might run at me, or what was more likely chase one of the Malays who were making much noise scrambling through the bluker. The bull stood still for an instant and then threw up his head and I fired for his throat; the shock of the bullet appeared to throw him back on his haunches, but before I had time to fire again he had disappeared. I waited a few seconds but heard nothing and moved away a little to my left to try and see round a thick bush which I thought hid the seladang from my view. I could see nothing. Yasin had moved away to the right, and beckoned to me, implying by gesture that he could see the beast's hind quarters. I moved as quietly as I could to where Yasin was and just as I got there I saw the beast move very slowly out of sight. He had gone about five yards from where I thought he was. We waited a few minutes trying to locate him by sound and presently heard a rustle which was evidently the bull. I thought he was down and advanced very cautiously. Near the track, where we had first seen the seladang, the bluker happened to be fairly clear, but only a few yards away it was almost impenetrable without the help of a parang. We went as far as the spot that I had just seen the beast leave and here were signs that he had fallen down, but he had got up somehow and forced his way into a thick patch of fern where we could see absolutely nothing. I called a halt and told the men who were with me that on no account were they to make any noise, that if they were afraid they had better climb trees and stop there until we signalled them to come down. That the seladang was close to us I was quite certain, no beast could have possibly gone through that thick bluker without making sufficient noise for us to have heard him, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that he was close at hand and "in extremis." His track after going through the thick fern led us into a patch of jungle-lily which had leaves quite three feet long, and above these leaves was a tangle of creepers and every imaginable sort of obstruction to quick movement on our part. I refused to follow the tracks into this, so we skirted round to the left to find it no better there,

then to the right, it was equally bad; I then sent a man up a tree to try and see anything but with no result, still another tree and another man who likewise could see nothing. While this was going on I thought I heard a groan from the bed of lilies. We spent over a quarter of an hour reconnoitring and as the time passed on, felt more and more certain that the seladang must be dead. Yasin was quite confident that the beast was defunct, and followed the track into the lilies a little way with this conviction in his mind. He had to crawl to avoid the overhanging branches. I was just behind him—we had not gone more than ten yards from where we had been for the last quarter of an hour—when he suddenly squatted down on his haunches, poked his head forward, and said in a very loud voice, *Dia sudah mati Tuan*. I could see nothing. I was just straightening myself up from a most uncomfortable position when Yasin's statement was instantly denied by the seladang who, with no end of a noise, scrambled to his feet. I did not wait to find out what was going to happen. I dived into a small opening to my left, fortunately kept my feet, scrambled along anyhow, came to an ant-hill which afforded some protection, and then swung round to meet what I certainly thought must be a charging seladang. The moment I stopped I heard the seladang, but I was thankful to realise that the thunder of his hooves as they beat on the ground was getting fainter as he rushed madly through the jungle. I called to Yasin and we foregathered in a moment or two, all very much out of breath and all very much inclined to hysterical laughter after the intense excitement of the last few minutes.

Yasin had had an even more exciting experience than I had. When he dashed back along the track by which he had followed the seladang, he passed, unnoticed by him, one of the Malays named Saleh who, with much curiosity, had approached closer than he ought to have done. Saleh seeing the flying Yasin and hearing the crashing seladang did best time up the track after Yasin. Yasin thought Saleh was the seladang and where he went Saleh followed. Yasin was not quite clear how long it took him to find out that Saleh was following him and not the seladang, but he was rather annoyed with Saleh. Now personally I do not think that Saleh was to blame at all, if Yasin had not said in a loud voice *Dia sudah mati*, but had just kept quiet and had given me time to put another bullet into the beast, he would never have mistaken Saleh for a seladang anxious to have his blood. We laughed a good deal over this incident. I refer to Yasin's flight, which relieved our feelings a good deal. The position of the seladang really

saved the situation. When Yasin saw what he thought was a dead beast the body was lying on its side with its legs stretched straight out and with its hind quarters within three yards of Yasin. Had the beast been facing Yasin it would undoubtedly have charged and would probably have got one of us. Who would ever have expected a wounded seladang to lie apparently dead for a quarter of an hour, during which time we were moving practically all round him, and then to suddenly jump to his feet without the slightest warning when by all the rules of the game he ought to have been dead? However it was a good lesson to both Yasin and myself, and showed us that we had still much to learn regarding the vitality of the seladang. I can only suppose that he was lying stunned and happened to come round just as Yasin saw him. Yasin's mistake was perhaps excusable, I have never known a case anything like this one. A stunned seladang generally recovers his senses in a minute or two at the most, and it was not to be expected, finding a beast stretched out over a quarter of an hour after he had been wounded, and within twenty yards of the spot where he had received his wound, that he could be anything but dead.

We waited for half an hour and then took up the trail. There had not been much blood at first, which rather surprised me considering that he was hit in the throat, but presently we found a great deal. He had made one rush of about twenty yards and had then broken into a walk, stopping altogether after going another thirty yards or so. He had not turned round to face the music, so probably did not intend to charge. He soon got on to a well-defined game track and about every fifty yards had stopped and left a pool of blood. We went very cautiously along this track, expecting to come on to him round every bend, and after following for about half-a-mile suddenly heard a tremendous snort ahead of us, a short rush, and he was gone. We saw nothing except the waving of a few palm leaves which shewed us where he had been waiting. Shortly afterwards—he had now taken us into big jungle—I caught a glimpse of him, but could see nothing to shoot at. This was the last we saw of him that day. We heard him once late on in the afternoon, when we had followed his track into thick bluker and had gone right round him. He seemed to recover his strength as the afternoon wore on and we abandoned the chase fairly early and got back to camp about five o'clock. We were not far from the river, having been hunting in circles, a favourite trick of wounded seladang, but convenient as long of it keeps one close to camp. We were much

puzzled over the behaviour of this beast, and Yasin said he must be a "hantu!" Tired and disappointed we turned in very early, longing for the morrow and its possibilities. The following morning we got up much too early and had to wait in camp to allow the daylight to appear. We intended to go straight to where we had left the tracks but again we found quite fresh spoor shortly after leaving camp. We carefully examined the tracks and Yasin thought that they were those of the wounded beast. However I was taking no chances as the jungle about this part seemed full of solitary seladang, so we pushed on to our original goal. After about an hour's tracking we came back to the tracks that we had already crossed. Yasin was right after all. He seemed very proud of this, but of course it was only a fluke. The bull seemed to be going very strongly, in fact we might have been following an unwounded beast, and he took almost the same line as the one I had killed two days previously. He crossed the Kran and then followed down the left bank for some way before he turned up a side stream and made for higher ground. His tracks were still some hours old when we came to a place where he had stopped and had apparently looked around for a resting place. His tracks crossed and recrossed themselves several times and we wasted a good deal of time following those which brought us back to our starting place. While searching for the track which would take us away from this entanglement, and not for a moment suspecting that the seladang was close to us, I heard a slight noise which attracted my attention to a small hillock which was in the only direction where there were no tracks. Yasin, who happened to be close to me, looked up at the same time, and there was our bull, half-way up the rise on the other side of the hillock with his head and chest showing over the top. I threw up my gun and as I did so he came up the hillock and in another instant would have been right amongst us. Again my bullet caught him in the throat and he disappeared. We went cautiously up to the hillock and looked over to see the dead seladang and saw—nothing.

He had vanished. What had actually happened was this; he had come along a broad game path, probably having heard us when we scattered about trying to pick up the main track, and when I fired all he did was to fall backwards, pick himself up, and then quietly walk back along the track he had just followed. Under such circumstances a seladang would make no noise, except when he fell down, and as this would happen simultaneously with the discharge of one's

rifle, the noise of the explosion in one's ears would prevent one from hearing the crash. We soon found blood, and going a few yards saw that he was bleeding freely from his throat, his head swinging from side to side leaving a continuous trail. After the usual halt Yasin and myself followed the track and had gone perhaps two hundred yards through thick jungle, although the game track which the seladang had followed was clear enough, when we heard a noise something like a tiger moaning. We listened intently, and for quite fifteen seconds this noise went on, finishing up with what was undoubtedly, to my mind, the dying groan of the bull. Yasin however would not agree with me. He said a tiger often made weird noises, although it was quite possible he thought that it might have been the seladang. We approached more carefully than ever and when we had arrived at about the place that we thought the sound had come from we halted and listened. Not a sound.

I whispered to Yasin to cast off a little to the right and I went towards the left, working from tree to tree and from bush to bush through as thick a patch of jungle as I ever wish to follow a wounded seladang into. It was intensely exciting. Yasin suddenly halted, made a click with his tongue to attract my attention, and stabbed with his right hand in a direction slightly to his left. My eyes followed the line of his gesticulation, I saw a waving mass of palm. I heard a slight rustle, and naturally thought that the bull was there. I worked round towards this spot, with my eyes carefully rivetted on the clump of palms, and in doing this I nearly trod upon—my seladang—dead. I whistled to Yasin. I pointed to the dead beast. He was more than astonished, because he swore that he had actually seen a seladang where I had only seen a waving palm, and it certainly could not have been the beast that now lay dead at our feet. I had to satisfy my curiosity before I did anything else, so went towards the place where Yasin had seen the seladang, and sure enough there were the tracks. We followed these tracks back a bit—they passed quite close to where the dead bull lay—and some fifty yards away found where Yasin's bull had been lying down.

I think he had been attracted by the dying groan—it was the dying groan after all—and had come to see what it was all about; he had then quietly passed on and we happened to arrive just at the moment. It was lucky that I had not been in Yasin's position, because had I been so I should most certainly have fired, naturally taking the new bull for my wounded one. It was also extremely fortunate that the

seladang was dead, otherwise I should have been taken quite unawares, my attention being attracted to another direction. I was actually within three yards of the dead beast before I spotted him.

Again the Malays were deprived of the meat. The bull had a nice head although, as I have already said, a young one. He had a peculiar reddish frontlet in place of the usual grey one, and had a much more developed dewlap than any seladang that I have ever killed. My bullet of the previous day had hit him fairly in the throat, and the bullet that killed him had taken him almost exactly in the same place, the two holes joining up, but unfortunately in taking off the head I was unable to find the exact line of my first shot, and what direction the bullet took to stun the beast for a quarter of an hour still remains a mystery to me.

Again we were comparatively close to camp, and again the entire Sakai population turned out to take the meat back to camp. But they left the big bones and the stomach this time. Even they were satiated. From the amount of meat they preserved I expect it took them some weeks to get through it all. There is little more for me to tell of what happened in the Krau. Next day we returned to Kuala Lempat—we crossed the fresh tracks of yet another solitary seladang on the way down—and camped some little way down the river. The following day we reached Kuala Krau and I camped on the river bank below Imam Dollah's house. I had news of a solitary elephant which was reported to be in some bluker near a Sakai clearing not very far from Kuala Krau, also more news of seladang in the same locality, but I was anxious to push on to the Tembeling where I hoped to get plenty of opportunities after elephant, and, as time was getting on and the journey up the Tembeling is a long business, I did not wish to give up any more leisure to hunting in the Krau. When we arrived at Imam Dollah's house I found old Mat Linggi there, and, on inquiry, he told me the story of Juanasa's desertion. Imam Prang Samah, who had returned to his *kampung* from Kuala Semantan because his son was sick, but who had promised to follow me in a few days and rejoin me at Kuala Krau, did not put in an appearance. We left early the next morning with the Pahang river in good trim for poling up stream, the seladang heads being left with Imam Dollah to be picked up on our return.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMBELING.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 22nd of July we arrived at a kampong opposite Pulau Raia where we were informed that a solitary elephant had been doing damage to the newly planted out padi, and we decided to stop and have a look at his tracks. He was reported to have very long tusks—they always have in report—but I found on inspection that he, at any rate, had not got a very big track. However as I did not think that I would lose any time by going overland to where I hoped to stop that night, I sent the boat up stream to Padang Tengoh, with instructions to make a camp there, hoping to be able to find fresh tracks of the elephant during the day. The tracks that had been shown me were a day old. With Yasin and a gun bearer and two local Malays we followed the bull's spoor which took us in the direction of the padang, but although we followed these tracks almost up to our destination we found late on in the afternoon that the elephant had changed his mind regarding his desire to oblige us and had doubled back towards the padi fields, so we abandoned our tracking and made our way down to the river. In the evening Yasin and myself went out into the padang to try for deer, but found no new tracks at all. This padang is frequently visited by seladang, but with the exception of the old tracks of a solitary beast I do not think that there had been any seladang there for months. Before daylight the following morning we again went into the padang also without seeing any sign of deer, but we found that our friend of the previous day had crossed the clearing early that morning, and we followed his tracks a little way into the jungle. The ground was too hard to give us any idea of his size, but the marks made by his shoulder where he had rubbed against the trees as he forced his way through the jungle were so low down that we soon decided that he was not worth going after. Returning to the boat we got away soon after eight o'clock, arrived at Pulau Tawah early in the afternoon and decided to stop there for the night. The Datoh Garang, to give him the name by which he is known to all the natives, was away, and I was unfortunate in being unable to meet him once more. He is one of that rare genus amongst Malays, a strong man, and is much respected by all who know him. The next day's poling took us up to Pulau Guai where we camped on the sand-bank to the north of the island. In the

evening we were visited by some Malays, who lived close to, who told us that early that morning they had heard elephants trumpeting in the vicinity of a salt lick which was close to the river bank about a quarter of mile above our camp. We visited this lick next morning, and, sure enough, elephants had been there, but although there was a bull with three or four cows, he was not a big one, and I returned to my boat to continue my journey. About 10 o'clock we reached Kuala Tembeling, and stopped there for about half an hour. I saw the Government Chief, The Datoh Kakap, and I told him that I was going up to the Ulu Tembeling after elephant and rhinoceros and that I hoped to have some sport. He replied that although he had not been up to the Ulu for a very long time that he had always heard that there were large herds of elephants there which were quite undisturbed. The Malays now never molested them, as they were not allowed to shoot them by the orders of the Government. I think he must have put his tongue in his cheek when he said that.

I will not weary the reader with an account of our journey up the Tembeling, suffice it to say that the water was very low and the rapids very difficult to negotiate. Twice we had to take everything out of the boat, carry all our goods overland, and then haul the empty boat up over the rocks as best we could. At Kuala Tahan I saw the boat of Mr. L., the Trigonometrical Surveyor, whom I expected to meet at Kuala Sat. I learnt that he had gone up to Gunong Tahan and on his return was bound for Kuala Lipis, so much to my disappointment I was unable to meet him. It took us five days to get up to Kuala Sat, and we saw very few traces of game until we were close to our destination. Then we saw the tracks on the river bank of two different herds of elephant but there was none of any size in the herd.

On the 29th of July I camped in Mr. L.'s bungalow which had been built on a most delightful site at the junction of the Sat and the Tembeling, and in the evening made the acquaintance of one Awang Ali, who was reported to be a great hunter. He had certainly the gift of the gab; what other gifts he lacked were probably many. During the next few days I found out several of them. When coming up the Tembeling I had met one of the Ulu Tembeling Malays, Che Wan Ibrahim, who lived at Pulau Besar. He had told me that there were elephants continually about near his kampong, and that if I would come up there—it was about a day's poling up from Kuala Sat—he would do everything he could to provide me with sport. I had intended to do this, but Awang Ali gave me such glowing accounts of the

quantities of game that I should be able to find if I went up the Sat that I decided to take a trip up that river first and visit Pulau Besar later on. Awang Ali told us amongst other items of sporting interest that up in the Ulu Sat near the Kelantan Border there was a very large salt lick which was always frequented by rhinoceri and that seladang and elephant were commonly to be found there. He also stated that seladang were constantly *seen* on the banks of the Sat, even during the daytime. But I did not swallow that.

We talked on till quite late, and when Awang Ali left he said that he would come along at daylight on the morrow and would bring with him a couple of small boats, my boat being too big to negotiate the Sat which was very shallow in places.

The following morning Awang Ali arrived at eight o'clock instead of daylight and brought with him, not the two small boats that he had promised, but an enormous flat-bottomed "scow" which he called a sampan. It was quite as big as my boat but much less handy. He had a long explanation to give concerning his inability to obtain the small boats, but when he informed me that the "Noah's Ark" was his own property I began to tumble to Mr. Awang Ali's line of thought. However I took his boat because I should have had to unship my kadjang and transfer all the goods that I was leaving behind from my boat to the house, and as it was already very late to make a start I did not want any further delay.

It was nine o'clock before we left Kuala Sat, old Mat Linggi remaining behind in charge of the boat and stores. But we soon found that we could not get far with Awang Ali's boat, and had to commandeer two small boats that we found about half a mile up the Sat, into which we transferred part of the stores and some of the men. I was not feeling very pleased with Awang Ali now. He had been so full of confidence about the arrangements he would make in the morning when he was eating my biscuits and drinking my tea the previous evening.

The two boats which now formed part of my fleet were only called boats by courtesy; they leaked most abominably; they would only carry two men and about 50 lbs. of stores each, and one of them had no bow at all. I think that it must have been eaten by white ants while its owner was contemplating repairing it. A word or two about the Ulu Tembeling Malays. Alleyne Ireland in his book "The Far Eastern Tropics" has described in scathing terms the indolence of the Malay. But he never visited Ulu Tembeling.

If he at any future time should do so, and he again wished to describe the local Malay, he would have to start all over again with a new vocabulary. Their intelligence is such that they have forgotten how to speak their own language. Even my own men, Pahang River Malays, mistook some of the kampong people for Sakais by the accent they indulged in when they spoke to us. When they spoke amongst themselves we could not understand them at all. I was informed when I was up there that no boat had been made by the villagers for ten years. I refer to the ordinary river sampan which they would use themselves. The reason given was that they had to pay a duty on the timber, and that they were too poor to be able to do so. They should have said that they were too lazy to try and work so as to obtain the where-with-all to pay the small impost demanded. From the appearance of the kampong boats that I saw up the Ulu Tembeling I should have thought that no boat had been made there for hundreds and hundreds of years. You never saw such a collection of derelicts. I believe comparatively recently the Pahang Government had to come to the rescue to avoid a very serious famine in the Ulu Tembeling. One naturally asks why? What had happened? Part of the country that I saw there is ideal for padi planting, and yet these people could not or would not plant enough rice to keep them from starving. And the rivers abound with fish and the forest with small game. What can you do with such a people? We found them in bed, the entire kampong in bed, at seven o'clock in the morning. Even my Malays from the Pahang River seemed rather disgusted at that. "The Sakais" they said, "We're not as lazy as all that." But let us return to our journey. About three in the afternoon we saw some seladang tracks on the river bank and stopping to investigate found that morning's spoor of a fairly large herd. There was a clearing at this spot and it would have been a good place to camp but Awang Ali said that a little way farther up the river there was a padang to which he gave the name of "Padang Lenkah" where seladang were frequently to be found and he thought that as the tracks of the herd appeared to be making up stream that it was possible we might pick them up in the padang late in the afternoon. This sounded reasonable so we proceeded. At about five o'clock Awang Ali informed us that we should be close to the padang round the next bend of the river so I stopped the boat at a small island and three of us climbed up the river bank to cut through the jungle to the padang. But devil a bit of a padang did we find: we found some very thick bluker, very

old seladang tracks; but what we did not find was any spot where we could pitch our camp. We had to return to the boat and camp on the island. This island was all stones, and to fill our cup to the brim it commenced to rain in torrents. Awang Ali said that the padang must have grown up since he had visited it and I suggested that he had not visited it since his babyhood. I was very "cross" with Awang Ali. We would have had a decent place to camp and might have seen something of the seladang had Awang Ali held his tongue. After a most uncomfortable night—how my men managed to sleep at all on the stones is beyond my comprehension—we proceeded up the river. I have never seen so many fish in any river as I saw in the Sat. Despite the heavy rain the water was fairly clear in the morning. And as we poled up stream we saw large shoals of fish scurrying in front of the boat only to turn back on arrival at one of the many small rapids that we had to negotiate. We saw the three day's old tracks of a fair-sized elephant which had crossed the river, and as its tracks were heading up stream we hoped to find fresh traces at Awang Ali's salt lick. I began to wonder if the salt lick had been metamorphosed like the padang! That evening we arrived at the junction of the Sat and the Pertang, at a kampong called Changkut where there was a fair collection of Malays: at least they called themselves Malays: they talk like Sakais. Here I saw for the first time crops protected from the depredations of seladang and deer by strong stake fences. It is seldom that seladang are so numerous or so daring that they will enter native cultivated patches, although up the Karu the Sakias complained to me that they had to guard their Indian corn from the seladang who frequently visited their clearings.

Awang Ali, who now admitted that he had never been to the salt lick which he was ostensibly guiding us to, sent for one of the kampong people whom he knew to press him into our service. The newcomer also said that he had never been to the lick, but suggested that there was a man in the kampong who knew the way there quite well and that he thought that he had better go and fetch him. He also remarked that he was an old man and did not go into the jungle much now. So the old man was sent for. He arrived. I had been told that he was old, but not that he was probably about 150 years old. I had never seen such an old man: his eyes, nose, and mouth had all run together with age. He could just hobble with a thick stick. He told me in a thin piping voice that years and years ago he had shot a seladang in this mysterious lick, and

that when he had visited it he had always noticed many tracks of big game there. He said that he was afraid he could not go with me himself because he was not very well. I was not afraid that he could not go, I was quite certain about it. He asked for medicine, complaining of weakness in his limbs, and stiffness in his joints, but what cure is there for old, old age? His brain was more active than his body, however, and I got a lot of information out of him concerning the position of the lick. I arranged to take the man that Awang Ali had first sent for, because, although he did not know where the lick was, he knew the river, and that would be of some assistance to us. I omitted to make a note of his name but will call him "Gemok." He was very fat. At this spot we were fairly close to the Kelantan Border. The survey of the Peninsular railway which had followed the Tembeling and the Sat to this point now proceeded up the Pertang to cross over into Kelantan. The next day going up stream we had a good deal of trouble with the boats, the river being full of shallows. I walked most of the way, and tried unsuccessfully to shoot one of the many "Ikan Kelak" with which the river seemed to be full. While I was wandering about from side to side of the river, crossing wherever convenient at the shallow places, I came across the faint tracks of an animal on some hard sand close to the edge of the jungle. I followed these tracks for a little way until I came to a bare soft place when I discovered that they were the tracks of a good sized rhinoceros. I returned to the river bank and called up Yasin who was close by. We examined the tracks and decided that the rhinoceros had probably crossed the river early that morning. I looked at my watch, it was now two o'clock. There would have been no chance of getting up to the beast that day, although we would probably come up to him on the morrow, and in view of the fact that we would have to abandon our visit to the salt lick if we followed the rhinoceros—our stores would not have lasted us out for both journeys—we decided to go straight on up river. I of course hoped to find rhinoceri tracks at the lick. We camped near Kuala Jentoh and fishing in the evening with "grasshopper" bait I was lucky enough to catch a two-pound kelak which was a very welcome addition to the menu. Kuala Jentoh being the starting place for the salt lick, we pushed on up there early the next morning and, leaving the boat and three men with instructions to them to put up a camp, we started on our quest. The old, old man had told me that if we followed the

Jentoh we would come to a stream on the right bank called the Sungei Lantin; at the ulu of this sungei was the lick. He said it was not more than two miles from Kuala Jentoh. We followed the river for about half a mile over very rough country—there was a considerable fall and the river was mostly waterfalls—when we struck the two days' old track of a rhinoceros.

We followed his spoor over a very steep hill where he had been feeding extensively apparently the night before last, and I had every hope of finding him in the vicinity of the lick.

We soon struck a broad game path which we thought was heading in the direction of the salt lick, so left the rhino tracks and followed the game path. While walking along this path I thought I heard an animal noise of sorts on a hill which we could see in front of us, but none of the others hearing it I concluded I was mistaken. But half way up the hill we were suddenly all brought to a standstill by a tremendous grunt right in front of us. I looked at Yasin, Yasin looked at me; we both murmured "Badak." We listened intently but could hear nothing further. We advanced very cautiously but found nothing. For two hours we hunted round and round that hill but found no rhinoceros tracks old or new. The noise, which was undoubtedly made on two occasions, and by an animal very close to us on the second occasion, although its exact direction was not accurately definable owing to our movements at the time we heard it, must, I think, have been made by a tiger. As I have said before tigers at times make weird noises. The natives believe that they can imitate the call of a deer, and thus entice an unsuspecting victim within striking distance. We all certainly thought the noise had been made by a rhinoceros. Following the game track which became bigger and broader as other tracks joined up to it, we thought we must be getting near to the lick. Presently Awang Ali, who had not been comfortable when we decided to abandon the river and follow the game path, said that he was quite sure that we were going away from the lick and were following a game track which would take us back to the Sat. I asked him where he thought our camp was, and when he pointed in entirely the wrong direction I decided to let his objection pass. He evidently had no jungle craft. Yasin was confident that the great broad game highway that we were following would take us to a salt lick if there was one in the vicinity. This path was not continually used by big game for no purpose. Another half an hour and still no sign of the salt lick. I began to get shaken in my conviction. Awang Ali was contemptuously amused. We

stopped a moment to examine some elephant footprints which were some days old, and seeing a mud hole a little to the left of the path I followed the track to get a better idea of their size in the soft earth, and came across a small stream. I at once realised that this must be the Sungai Lantin—it was running in the right direction, and was the first stream that we had come across since we left the Jentoh. We moved on again to be rewarded in a few minutes with the sight of a patch in the jungle ahead of us showing bright and clear against the surrounding gloom. Approaching very carefully—one never knows what surprises a salt lick may have in store for you—we entered the "Taram Lantin." What an impressive sight! Hidden away in the depths of the forest, miles away from any clearing made by human agency, was an open space of nearly an acre in extent, made by the denizens of this vast jungle. Probably for centuries this spot had been visited by elephant, seladang, rhinoceri, tapir, and deer, who, whenever they felt the need of a mild aperient to regulate their digestions, would seek out the nearest game track and make all haste to the "Taram Lantin." The Sungai Lantin ran through the lick; in places there was an oily appearance on the water and a strong smell of sulphur.

The rocks and boulders in the river bed were polished in many places by the action of thousands of tongues. But there were no new tracks. The rhinoceros had not visited the lick at all. I was very disappointed, although my journey up the Sat was worth it if only to see this magnificent salt lick. We returned to camp after thoroughly examining the jungle in the vicinity of the taram. That evening Gemok set some nets near Kuala Jentoh hoping to catch kelak. He caught one of about three pounds. These nets were of a peculiar type to me and warrant a few remarks. They were set in a back-water where there was no current, the ends of the net being fastened to stakes. The upper side of the net was kept at water level with the help of slabs of soft wood, but there were no weights on the lower side and the net was not fully submerged. I remarked on this to Gemok and he told me that as these nets were always set in slack water there was no necessity to weight them. The resistance of the net to the fish was so slight that he would not probably notice that anything was wrong until he was so seriously entangled that escape became impossible. If, he remarked, the bottom of the net were weighted, the fish, which are not driven into the net but trapped as they casually swim about, would feel the net and would not be caught. Gemak was no doubt quite right, years of experience had taught



THE TARAM LANTIN.

him the best methods to capture the wily kelak, but at first sight it certainly appeared that the net ought to have been weighted. The following morning we again visited the tarani, but no beasts except deer had been into it during the night. I took a photograph of the tarani at 7 o'clock in the morning, but was only able to get a view of quite a small portion of it owing to the light being unsuitable to enable me to photo the most impressive end.

I believe the rhinoceros whose track we had seen below Kuala Jentoh was the same one that had been near the lick. It was peculiar he had not visited the lick after having been so close to it. We returned to Kuala Sat without further incident of note except that we saw fresh tracks of a small herd of elephants, a herd of seladang, and a tiger, on the way down stream. On the night of the 4th of August we slept at Kuala Sat and I am glad to say saw the last of Awang Ali and his "scow."

He told me that he was afraid that his business was too important to allow him to accompany me to Pulau Besar. He was a small trader among the Malays and Sakais. I quite agreed that it was most important for him to look after his vast business. He had been quite useless from start to finish.

Early on the following morning we left Kuala Sat in my own boat hoping to arrive at Pulau Besar that evening, but we were delayed for three hours at "Jeram Koie" which was a most formidable obstacle to negotiate. Old Mat Linggi had been bad with fever at Kuala Sat so was not much use as a unit in hauling the boat up the rapid. The "Jeram Koie" was the worst rapid we had to negotiate on our journey up the Tembeling, but I believe that one above Pulau Besar is even more difficult. The result of the delay was that we failed to reach our destination and had to camp on a sand spit a little above Kuala Spier. To those who may yet have to travel up these rivers in a boat whose size is insufficient to provide sleeping accommodation, a word of warning against sleeping on sand spits. There is a little insect which goes by the name of "tungau" which makes its home in the fine sand which is left after the floods on the river banks. This "beast" is not a tick although it resembles them in many ways. It is generally of a light red colour and can move very quickly. It seems to be so fond of the human skin that as soon as it can select a tender spot it buries its head and starts to feed. For such a small insect it has a vast amount of power to annoy; in fact I think it is quite the worst of the small "pests" which one encounters

in the jungle. Although it is so small that it is difficult to see with the naked eye, and can only be picked out from the skin with the help of a fine needle, it can raise a lump about the size of a five cent piece in a very short time, this lump entirely surrounding and covering its diminutive body. On the sand spit that we unfortunately selected for our camping place we encountered thousands of these insects, and all night they caused us the greatest annoyance. About midnight Ah Tong got up, accompanied by strange Chinese oaths, and had a kerosine oil bath, *my* kerosine oil, but as he was a Hylam that is easily understood! His back was a sight for days afterwards, and the scratchings that our party indulged in for the next week would have put any respectable farmyard to shame. Where we made the mistake was in thinking that the spit we camped on was generally covered by water and would be free of "tungan," but on subsequent inquiry I was informed that in the Tembeling the "tungan" were so numerous that a sand spit left uncovered by the river for two nights would be infested by them. However one lives and learns, and I shall not be caught a second time. We arrived at Pulau Besar about 9 o'clock next morning and I at once sought out Che Wan Brahim. Pulau Besar might be called Pulau Rajah, because practically every Malay there, although he may not have a shirt to his back, and not the most elementary idea of "*meum et tuum*," claims royal blood. It was *Unku* this and *Unku* that to the most disreputable-looking of kampong Malays. I had a long talk with Che Wan Brahim who informed me that he did not know the jungle very well about Pulau Besar but that his "abang," Che Wan Hadji, was a great jungle man and he would try and see if he could get him to come with me. Unfortunately Wan Hadji was suffering from *sukit mata* and could not even leave his house. Things began to look very black as we seemed to be unable to get any reliable guide to take us round the country and I began to regret that I had ever come up the Tembeling at all. I asked Wan Brahim if he could not take us somewhere or other for a day or two anyway, up some river or to some Sakai clearing where one might come across some tracks of big game, and he suggested a place close to, where he said he had heard only the day before that there was a big solitary seladang. This sounded better, so we decided to go at once, or rather as soon as we could get our bundles together and Che Wan Brahim could prepare his requirements. About noon we started, but first of all I went to the house of

Che Wan Hadji to inquire after his eyes and see if I could do anything for him. Pure selfishness, of course! On arrival at Wan Hadji's house, which was on our way to the jungle track that we intended to follow, I met him in his garden, and at once saw that his eyes were very inflamed. He told me that he was very sorry he could not come with me because he knew where there was much game, but that when I returned from my trip with Wan Brahim if his eyes were better he would come with me. There was, he said, a great deal of *sakit mata* in the kampong especially amongst the children. I unstrapped one of my bundles and produced from my medicine chest a small bottle containing zinc sulphate tabloids. I gave a few of these to Wan Hadji and demonstrated to him with the help of a spoon and a little water how he could make a solution with which to bathe his eyes. I impressed upon him that if he used this solution three or four times a day that his eyes would certainly be well before I returned. This delayed our start a little and it was nearly one o'clock before we entered the jungle. Che Wan Brahim intended to take me up the Sungei Kemih to a place called Morah, which had been lately abandoned by some Sakais. It was near this spot where the seladang was reported to have been seen. We found the tracks of a large herd of elephants shortly after we had left Wan Hadji's house, but the tracks were a week old and were, of course, useless to us. Shortly afterwards we found that a solitary elephant had followed the tracks of the herd for some distance and then had headed up stream in the direction we intended to follow; he must have been a sizeable bull but we were not lucky enough on this trip to pick up his fresh tracks. At Morah we found the tracks of the big bull seladang, and a very large track he had too. His spoor was only a day old so we hoped to come across him further up the river, in which direction he had gone. The next day we followed the tracks of this seladang until we came to a big game track which Wan Brahim said he thought would lead us to the "Taram Tadjing," a salt lick that he had told me existed near the Ulu Kamih, but whose exact position he did not know. We followed this broad track for about five miles, it was literally ploughed up with seladang tracks, the latest track being that of the bull which had been at Morah. We arrived at the taram about mid-day and were then fairly close to the seladang. But his tracks at the taram were so mixed up, that it was almost impossible to find where he had continued his journey. The taram was a poor place after the

Taram Lantin. There were a few rocks, a few mud pools, a very little grass, but no clearing to speak of. The jungle round the lick, however, was quite clear of undergrowth and one could see for fifty or sixty yards in some directions. The most attractive portion of the lick appeared to be a collection of big boulders which were on a small mound. Amongst these boulders was a small spring with a strong smell of sulphur. Peculiarly enough in this pool of water we saw some horse leeches, and on agitating the water with one's finger the place became alive with leeches, which rushed up out of the mud directly they detected any movement on the surface. I conclude these leeches wait for the seladang or deer and when they visit this spot to drink try to attach themselves to the beast's snout.

After having spent quite half an hour following the tracks of the seladang and always finding ourselves coming back to the spring, I thought that we had better make a wide cast to try and cut the line of his exit, but this manoeuvre would have to be carried out very carefully because the chances were much in favour of the beast being asleep somewhere quite close to the lick. We returned to a spot where, when we had been following tracks, we had got a strong smell of "seladang," and from here started to make a detour. I had scarcely commenced my journey when, on coming round a large anthill, I saw the seladang lying down about 25 yards from me. His back was towards me, and I could distinctly see his slowly heaving flanks as he breathed. The jungle at this point, with the exception of saplings a few inches thick, was perfectly clear. There was no undergrowth at all. Che Wan Brahim was close to me and I beckoned to him to come towards me and then pointed out the seladang. He took one look and started to shuffle backwards in the most approved fashion. Yasin was some little way off and could not see the seladang because it was masked by the anthill. I could not see his horns very well until he turned his head, when of course he saw me. Up he jumped and swung round. He was an immense beast, with tremendous shoulders and breadth of chest, but to my great disappointment I saw that he had quite a young head. His horns were long and had quite a good spread, but I only wanted the old, olive-green horns, and no stretch of my imagination could make that yellow frontlet into an olive-green one. I stood facing the seladang with my rifle at my shoulder and we stared at one another. If I said that we did this for two minutes I expect I should be accused of exaggeration, but it certainly was for quite a long time. It seemed like hours.

The seladang never moved a muscle, until he suddenly swung round and was gone. While I was congratulating myself on having held my fire during a very trying minute or so, Che Wan Brahim came up to me and asked what had happened. I explained that the seladang had gone. He then asked me why I had not fired at it, and asked me if I had been frightened! I wonder if I looked frightened? I did not feel a bit frightened. I could not help thinking afterwards how often in one's ordinary daily life are one's actions similarly misconstrued.

The next day we saw the ten days' old tracks of a fair-sized rhinoceros, but returned to Pulau Besar with no trophies on the morning of the ninth. Che Wan Brahim hopelessly lost his way until we suddenly found that we were within an hour's walk of our camp. He did not, however, profess to know anything about the jungle paths and tracks, and was a great improvement on Awang Ali. I saw Che Wan Hadji as soon as I could find him on my return and was delighted to see that his eyes were quite well. We arranged to start next day on a ten days' trip up to the Keman border and Wan Hadji assured me that we would find game there. I sincerely hoped that he would prove a good prophet.

CHAPTER V.

THE LUCK OF THE SULPHATE OF ZINC.

Above Pulau Besar there are now no Malay settlements on the Tembeling; we had got to the end of "civilisation" until one crossed the borders into Trengganu. It was impossible Wan Hadji told me for my boat to get past the rapids below Kuala Neria, the tributary of the Tembeling up which we proposed to go, so I had to try and obtain a smaller boat. At first this seemed to be as great a difficulty as it had been at Kuala Sat, but at last I persuaded Wan Mahmud, a relation of Wan Hadji's, to let me have his boat for this trip. He seemed dreadfully afraid that it might get damaged negotiating the rapids. I could not however put all my stores and my men in this boat so we had to split up the party, as there did not appear to be another boat that was serviceable in the district. The programme we arranged was as follows: most of the rice and stores with three men and Ah Tong to go by boat to Kuala Mahang, a tributary of the Neria, the rest of us to go overland and meet the boat in the evening. We left Pulau Besar early

on the morning of the 10th of August with ten days provisions. We had a very rough walk to our destination, over a steep range, which Wan Hadji told us was the only land route to Kuala Mahang, where we camped about three o'clock. The last part of our journey followed the bed of the Mahang, and the game path along the side of the river had quite recently been used by a fair sized elephant. He appeared to have gone up towards the Ulu Neria which was the direction we intended to follow.

We made a camp near Kuala Mahang and then patiently waited for the boat. I had brought food with me, but my bedding and clothes were with the other party. When the shades of evening commenced to fall and still no signs of the boat I began to get anxious. Darkness arrived but not the rest of the party, and then it started to rain. Everything got very wet—our shelter was made of *tipus* leaves only—and we had a most uncomfortable night. As soon as there was the slightest sign of dawn, Wan Hadji and one of the others went down the Sungei Neria to look for the missing boat. Finally it turned up about 9 o'clock, having had great trouble with the rapids, and subsequently in the Neria with logs and obstructions of every sort. It seemed to be useless to attempt to carry on our transport by river any further on this journey, and as the Neria was the only route which the boat could follow, and as Wan Hadji informed me it was very shallow above our camp, I had to alter our arrangements. Mat Linggi should stop at Kuala Mahang with the boat and half the rice and had orders to wait there until we sent back for more rice, or until he received other instructions. Mat Linggi is the only Malay I know who would have stopped here by himself, at a place which was strange to him, in a jungle which he had never visited before, which to his imagination probably held ghosts and jins against which his experience would avail him nothing.

When we came to make up the loads I found that we could not take everything we wanted and I left most of my stores with the other half of the rice under Mat Linggi's care. In fact we only had about four days' provisions with us. Owing to the delay in the morning we only made a short journey that day, camping near Kuala Sadjah, which was a tributary of the Sungei Katiay, which was one half of the Sungei Neria. Where the Sungei Neria branches some distance above Kuala Mahang two new names have been given to the rivers, the right branch the Sungei Katiay, the left the Sungei Besar. It was up the former that we proposed to go to a spot known to Wan Hadji as Pamah

Ruan, which was near the Kemaman border. This was a great place for rhinoceroses so Wan Hadji had told me. We had a very rough journey again, over mountains and up rocky river beds, the carriers finding it fairly hard work. There are no paths in this jungle except those made by wild beasts, and one has to follow them to get from one valley to the next; most of them seem to select the highest point in the ridge to achieve their object of getting from river to river. Next morning we followed the Sadjah and almost at once came out on to the Sungai Katiay, which river we followed all day, crossing and recrossing it many dozens of times. Towards evening we came across the tracks of a solitary elephant; these tracks were quite a week old, but as it seemed from their size that they must have been made by an elephant of vast proportions, I decided to follow the tracks on the morrow. We had a bad experience that night; when we came to make a camp we could find no ground palms suitable for the roof of our hut and had to resort to bamboo of which there was any quantity of the giant all round us. Now split bamboo makes an excellent roof, but it has to be carefully erected and takes some time to put together. We had little time to spare before dark and we were all tired after a long day's tramp. The result was that I had a *covering* to my shelter but not a *roof*. As bad luck would have it about 8 o'clock it started to rain in torrents and everything became soaked in a very few minutes. We managed to keep the rice dry by covering it up with a waterproof sheet and then sitting on it. For two hours we shivered in the rain—and it was cold in that jungle—and then it fortunately cleared. It was out of the question to sleep in our bedraggled condition, so with the help of a lantern we skirmished around and found some dead wood which fortunately was not very sodden and soon had a good blaze going. It was midnight, however, before we turned in. We made as early a start as we could on the morrow and followed the tracks of the big elephant, which took us along the main game path towards Pamah Ruan. Unfortunately we made a mistake with the tracks and had five or six hours of very heavy walking in consequence; the rain overnight was I think a sufficient excuse for what happened. After we had been tracking for about three hours—we were still following the Katiay—we came to a place where the elephant had wandered backwards and forwards having crossed the tracks of a herd which appeared to have passed that way before him. One track however, kept to the game path, and this one we followed, keeping as it turned out to the track that we had been following previously.

But we noticed another track to the left of the path which we mistook for a loop track made at the same time that the elephant had been making the tracks that we were following. Owing to the rain we did not notice that this loop was much fresher than the track we were following. A little farther on the tracks took us across the river and then up into the most awful country that it has ever been my lot in which to hunt an elephant. He had evidently spent three or four days wandering round these steep mountain faces unable to make up his mind whether to follow the herd or not which had come into his domain. We found one hill which was evidently a favourite haunt of his, tracks of all ages, and sleeping places in all stages of decay, covered the hill side. Here he had made a regular roadway round the steep sidelong ground of the hill, a track quite three feet wide having been pounded down by his mighty feet. I diligently searched for signs of his tusks where he had lain down, and as most of his "beds" had been made on the side of an ant hill or on the steep slope of the hill itself in most places we found the impression of his tusks.

He certainly had thick tusks. I could put my arm into the holes made by them in the hill side, but they did not appear to be very long. I tried to persuade myself that the ground was too hard for them to have penetrated very far. Surely such a huge elephant must carry a fine pair of tusks I said to myself. The paths we followed were almost a continuous line of slippery yellow clay, and the strain on the side of ones feet when one had to be in a constant state of unstable equilibrium was very great. Late in the afternoon after circling round so many times that we were perilously nearly losing our sense of location, we came down on to lower ground and struck a river. The Sungei Katiay, said Wan Hadji, up near Pamah Ruan. Crossing the river we halted and decided to camp. Our spirits were high, we had covered about four days of the beasts tracks during this one day and we hoped to find him on the morrow, he was going very slowly and feeding extensively. The carriers were still behind, so we started to make our shelter for the night. Going off to collect palm leaves, I found a broad game path, which at once attracted my attention because it had quite recently been used by man. A few yards on I recognised a familiar object—the impression of my own boot. We had come back to our track of the morning. I called to Yasin who was close by and we followed the path for a little distance and found the place where we had noticed the tracks to the left about nine o'clock that morning. Following this track we

found that it had crossed the path and gone away to the right. This was where we had failed to notice the newer track. These incidents are good for the discipline of one's mind, in case at any time one should imagine that in following the tracks of an elephant one would be incapable of making a mistake. Presently the carriers started to come in and told us that one of their number and Ah Tong had got fever and had been left miles behind. They arrived however about dusk, but knocked up with their fever. Their feelings can better be imagined than described when we informed the carriers that the last six hours tramping over the most heart-breaking ground had been done in vain because we had returned to where we had been at 9 o'clock that morning. A Malay hates work at the best of times, but when his work has obviously been useless he takes it as a personal insult. In this case they were very sorry for themselves having had fairly heavy loads. It was a fine night and after our evening meal I took stock of our rice. We had enough to last for two days on full rations for the whole party. This would not do so I decided to send back Ah Tong, who now that he had got fever would be better back at the base, and three of the Malays to Kuala Mahang, with instructions to Mat Linggi to send the boat back to Pulau Besar with Ah Tong and two of the Malays, and to come to us as soon as possible with the remaining Malay and all the rice and stores we had left in camp. I knew that if I told Mat Linggi to bring up the rice, that the rice would arrive.

Next morning, the 14th of August, we continued our tracking after having safely seen the homeward party on their way. I sent back some of my clothes and most of my bedding having only three men with me now excepting Wan Hadji and Yasin. We soon found that we were getting close to our quarry. He had stopped for a long time on a hill within about two miles of our camping place, and had we not made the mistake on the previous day we should have found him there. Unfortunately shortly afterwards his tracks got mixed up with those of the large herd which he had evidently been following and we spent hours trying to puzzle the tracks out. In this herd there was a big bull, and the two bulls had a playful tussle on the edge on the river having ploughed up the ground as they pushed each other to and fro.

The tracks of the second bull complicated matters a good deal, because although they were slightly smaller than those of the solitary one, it was difficult to tell them apart except in quite soft ground. Peculiarly enough the two bulls had finally gone off together, and following these two tracks we were soon

rewarded by finding where they had crossed the river within the last few hours. The Datoh Rajah Kiah, who has had many years experience of hunting wild elephants has told me that where one comes across two elephants that consort together in the way that these two had done they would invariably be relations, either father and son or two brothers. Had the solitary elephant been unrelated to the herd which he had met there would most certainly have been a fierce fight between the two bulls. I do not know how true the relation theory is, and I leave my readers to draw their own deductions. The tracks of these two bulls constantly divided and we had to keep a very sharp look out that we did not follow the smaller of the two, never knowing when they would part for good. Climbing up a steep hill we found that one track had gone straight up the hill and the other round the hill, the larger beast keeping to the lower ground. Skirting the hill we again met the other tracks and almost at the same time heard the elephants in the valley below us. I was ahead a little with Yasin and we halted to close up our ranks. There was a well defined game path down the side of the hill and on this we waited. Wan Hadji and the others came along in a few minutes and we all listened to the noises going on below us. The elephants were evidently resting, the swish, swish, of their trunks and the flap flap of their ears being most distinctly heard by us perched on the hill side. I was rather annoyed that now that I had got up to what was certainly a big elephant that I should have to pick him out from his companion. It is so much easier to tackle a beast when he is by himself. While awaiting Wan Hadji's arrival my mind was filled with the thought that the time was now near at hand when I was to have the chance for which I had travelled many miles and for which I had passed by other opportunities which had not seemed to me to have been quite what I had come on this expedition for.

To be within a hundred yards or so of a magnificent bull elephant, which I knew was absolutely unconscious of our proximity, and to know that possibly one false move might now ruin the toil of weeks, was sufficient to make me feel to its fullest extent that instinct of primeval man when his actual existence depended upon his success as a hunter.

As soon as I had impressed on Wan Hadji and his party that on no account were they to move from their present position until I called to them or until they heard a shot, Yasin and I descended the hill. We soon found where the elephants had been lying down, but when we got on to the lower ground we could no longer hear them.

After having slept they had not commenced to feed but had spent their time idling about, rubbing themselves against trees, and fanning themselves with wisps of palm leaves rudely torn from their stems, and as rudely thrown away when the elephants moved on. Tracks were everywhere and after following the general direction that the elephants had taken for about fifty yards we stopped to listen. Presently we heard a squeelch, followed by a sound which might have been made by a gigantic squirt in the hands of some mischievous imp of the forest. "That elephant is in a river bathing," said Yasin, "if we hurry up we shall catch him there." It at once flashed across our minds that the beast would probably be in a comparatively clear spot if on the river bank or in the river itself, not that the jungle was very dense where we were. Hurrying in the direction of the sound and intending to follow the tracks of the bigger bull we soon found that it was impossible to tell which was which as they had both been round and round over the same ground close to the river bank, but Yasin pointed to where one of them had rubbed himself against a tree and I thought that there could not be any mistake about the height of that great mud smear. Almost before I realised what had happened I found myself looking down on an elephant's back. The ground that we were following suddenly broke away and had an almost vertical drop of about 15 feet. At the bottom of this drop was a ledge of about ten yards wide which terminated in a small river. The elephant was on the ledge. I could have thrown my open handkerchief on to his back. His head was towards me but from our relative positions I could see nothing except the top of it, and I could not see his tusks. To fire at the top of an elephant's head from directly above him was a new experience to me, but there was no time to consider the possibility of making another move, so making as good a calculation as I could as to the position of the brain—fired.

The elephant slowly swung round and presented his hind quarters to me in almost the exact position that his head had been. He then took one step forward. As quickly as I realised that I had not hit his brain so did I grasp that I must now fire at the root of his spine if I did not want to lose him. He fell to the shot to rise no more. Awaiting a few moments to be quite certain that he was dead, we scrambled down the steep bank and ran round the elephant to look at his tusks. Horror of horrors I had shot the wrong elephant. I cannot describe my feelings, they were too awful for words to describe. I had done what I had managed to avoid doing for years, that was killing an elephant with small tusks.

The elephant was a big one, but had miserable tusks scarcely three feet long. Wan Hadji came up with the others and I felt very ashamed of my trophy. But while we were all standing round the dead elephant, we heard a noise in the jungle a little up stream from where we were. Again and again we heard it—unmistakably the sound made by an elephant bathing. What a chance to recover my mistake, the big bull of course; but why on earth he had not cleared out at the noise of the shots, and subsequently at the noise of our voices, I cannot conceive. I believe he must have been deaf. Yasin and I made a wide detour and came back to the river about where we thought the sounds had come from. Staring hard through the jungle I made out a great yellow mass which I thought was an ant hill, until a great trunk detached itself from one end and emitted volumes of dirty water on to the top of it. Moving to one side I got a perfectly clear view of this elephant through a vista between the trees. I got a shock when I saw that his tusks were small too, although rather longer and distinctly more curved than the one I had just shot. I lifted my rifle and covered his ear hole, said "dead" to myself, and put my rifle down again. Suddenly the elephant stiffened, raised his trunk which he waved about in the air for a second or two, then solemnly moved round in our direction, pressed the centre of his trunk against his forehead with the tip pointing straight towards us, continued his movement until his right side took the position lately occupied by his left, lifted his huge feet out of the mud on the river bank, and majestically disappeared into the jungle. No retreat could have been done in a more stately manner, no screaming, no trumpetting, just a dignified exit. Well, this was an extraordinary ending to our tracking, and I was puzzled beyond expression. We looked at where the elephant had been bathing and examined his tracks. It seemed to me that the tracks were not quite as big as those of the solitary bull that we had followed so far; yet where could we have made a mistake? Not where they left the herd, because since then the huge holes punched in the soft clay of the hill side where the bigger bull had left his companion shortly before we heard them had been unmistakable. Possibly the beast I had killed was the original bull after all, but if so as Yasin said his tusks were *tidak patut*. I saw quite distinctly when the elephant raised his trunk and saluted us—Yasin would have it that he was deliberately acknowledging his escape—that the under side of the trunk and part of his lower jaw were mottled with white, although the rest of his body was a yellow ochre colour from the mud. I think he must have been an old elephant; he

was very thin. Yasin remarked on his bright yellow appearance which reminded me of a story that had been told not very long before by a would-be elephant hunter in Pahang. He had stated that he had come up to elephants amongst which there was a bull which was quite red. He had wounded this bull which had at once been surrounded by its companions and carried off in safety. The protection and the redness were apparently connected as showing that this elephant was something out of the common. One sees elephants of all colours in the jungle, but their skins are much the same when cleaned of their covering of earth and mud, the prevailing greyish black hue being occasionally graded off into a mottled yellowly white about the neck and trunk. This generally occurs in old animals only. Red backed elephants are very common, at least elephants with *red mud* on their backs. But elephants that are immediately protected by the rest of the herd when wounded, and which are also red at the same time—well! When we returned to the dead elephant which was lying just on the edge of the river—a tree stump kept him from toppling over into the stream—I saw that he had been bleeding profusely from his mouth and trunk. I examined the spot where my second bullet had hit him and found that it had passed just to one side of the spine but had evidently raked forward into his heart and lungs. It was certainly a most deadly body shot, but I do not suppose that should I hunt elephants until I was a hundred years old I should ever get an opportunity of repeating the shot. We tied the elephant securely with rattans, cut away the stump, and then slacking off the rattans, his body slowly turned over into the river. There was only about a foot of water in the stream, and he was now in a much better position to operate on. Having taken his photograph we commenced to cut off his head. My first bullet had travelled in front of the brain, and passed down between the tusks.

We camped on the side of the river and again owing to very heavy rain had a most uncomfortable night.

Wan Hadji thought that this small stream must be the Ruan, a tributary of the Katiay, and that Pamah Ruan must be quite close to. The following morning we decided to cast round for rhinoceros tracks—our elephant hunting seemed to have had a most unfortunate ending—so we sent our carriers back to our previous camp on the Katiay which we thought was about three miles away, Yasin, Wan Hadji and I going in another direction towards Pamah Ruan. When we found the place that Wan Hadji dignified with the name of *Pamah*, although there was no great extent of flat land, we

found no signs of rhinoceros tracks old or new, although we saw any quantity of their old wallows. Wan Hadji was obviously surprised and disappointed, saying that when he had been up here about two years ago hunting for rubber vines his party came across rhinoceroses continually. I suggested to him that Malays or Sakais had been up there hunting rhinoceroses and had practically exterminated them, but he would not admit that at the time. Presently we came across the tracks of a big solitary elephant which appeared to have passed through Parnah Ruan the previous day, although owing to the very heavy rain during the night the spoor was a good deal obliterated. There being no signs of rhinoceros, I decided to follow the elephant tracks. After three hours hard tramping we thought we got the smell of stale smoke, and a few moments afterwards to our utmost astonishment we came out on to our own camp and the carcase of the elephant.

The tracks which we had followed passed a few yards behind our camp—we had noticed these tracks yesterday but thought that they had been made by the beast that had been shot—and following them on a little distance they led us to the spot where the second elephant had been bathing. Here was the solution to the puzzle of the previous day, here was the reason why we had seen no elephant with heavy tusks—the big bull had given us the slip. Our mistake was an excusable one. We had followed two tuskers with much the same sized tracks which had been joined by a third which had come from an entirely different direction quite unknown or unsuspected by us. Of course had we after the death of the first bull and the imaginary death of the second carefully examined all the tracks we should have found that the biggest bull had gone away to the right up a steep hill and we had never seen him at all. But we thought that having seen two elephants there were no more to bother about consequently did not take much notice of the tracks. We lost no time now in casting round and soon found where a line of big tracks took us up a hill side and through a narrow pass into the sides of which the bull had thrust his tusks in half a dozen places. I thought there was no mistake this time anyway, but alas! it was nearly one o'clock and the tracks we were on were twenty-four hours old. We followed these tracks for about half an hour when we heard an elephant trumpet quite close to us followed almost immediately by another. We were close to the herd. Anathemising my luck—I did not want the herd at all—we left the old tracks and went towards the sound, but the tusker was not with them. They got our wind and moved slowly away. It was too late in the afternoon to hope to get up to the tusker

by keeping to his tracks of yesterday, and on the off chance that he might be hanging about somewhere in the vicinity of the herd and that by following them we might cut his tracks I decided to go after the herd. It was a chance in a hundred but it came off. We had crossed two small streams and climbed two low hills when we found the tracks of the big bull. He had crossed the direction taken by the herd at right angles, having it appeared passed that way about half an hour before. Here indeed was the "Luck of the Sulphate of Zinc."

The ground was very soft and the tracks looked enormous. In half an hour—we passed the herd fortunately to leeward—we heard him. I told Wan Hadji that he had better stop where he was and Yasin and I proceeded. I had seen that Wan Hadji was too excited when close to game to be anything but a nuisance when one was manœuvring for a shot. We soon saw our quarry, he was moving slowly through the jungle going straight way from us, and his huge bulk looked like a house as he forced his way along with that stateliness and deliberation which is I think a peculiar characteristic of a wild elephant. Time was getting on and we found ourselves still following his tail. I could see no likely place where we could cut into the undergrowth and get round in front of him. Presently he came to lower ground and turned away from the direction he had been following. We were about thirty yards away from him. Approaching a little closer I noticed a large clump of bamboos which was attracting his attention. Still we had not seen his tusks. It took us a quarter of an hour before we had a good view of his head and tusks, and then all doubt vanished. He was very anxious to obtain some particular bamboo shoot which appeared to be in the centre of the clump, consequently his head was buried in the bamboo to such an extent that it was impossible to see any of it. His trunk climbed up amongst the topmost bamboos like some huge snake, felt about for a good hold, then he backed his entire body. But the bamboo would not break. He loosened his hold, caught the bamboo lower down, and we saw his head turn slowly over to one side to bring the great muscles of his neck into play. With a sounding report the bamboo broke. Then we saw his yellow gleaming tusks, which looked remarkably thick but were decidedly short for such a large elephant. He turned round to go to the far end of the bamboo to feed off the leaves and in doing this exposed his entire head to my view. We were soon standing round him and I have never seen a bigger elephant. I called to Wan Hadji, who had not remained very long where I told him to stop, appearing from behind a tree before my halloo had died away, and

after he had had a brief look at the monster we hurried back towards camp. We got in just before dark, very pleased with our unexpected success. Wan Hadji was a changed man; his dejection at Pahmah Ruan when we found no signs of rhinoceros was quite pathetic. Next morning leaving Wan Hadji to look after the camp, Yasin, myself and the three carriers went to the dead elephant to remove his tusks and feet. This took us all day, the elephant having fallen in a very awkward position, as the accompanying photograph will show. I was not sorry to get back to camp that night and have a good clean up after our day's work. Wan Hadji told us many items of interest that evening. He said that he had hoped this big elephant was one that he had often seen the tracks of in the Ulu Têmbeling and which he had once met face to face. It had long thick tusks, one tusk being much more curved than the other. He thought however that the track of that elephant was if anything a trifle bigger than the one I had bagged. If this surmise was correct it must have been a monster indeed, because the track of my elephant's fore foot measured $18\frac{1}{2}$ " in length, the track of its hind foot which was exceptionally long, $19\frac{1}{2}$ ". The elephant measured as near as I could make it $9'.6"$ at the shoulder.

The following morning was wet and cold and we did not get away from camp until 8 o'clock. Then we had some difficulty in getting all the goods together into suitable loads, the ordinary camp outfit being supplemented by about 150 pounds, the weight of the tusks and feet. Wan Hadji, who still seemed very pleased with himself, took one of the carrying baskets and filled it up with goods until he had about 60 pounds himself, Yasin also made up a good heavy load as his burden and by degrees we managed to get everything packed away. Our rice had almost vanished, we had exactly enough for one more meal, but expected to meet Mat Linggi during the day. About two o'clock, coming out on to the river we saw a small wreath of smoke proceeding from behind a huge stump on the opposite bank and sure enough there was Mat Linggi, the rice, and the end of any anxiety that we might have had concerning our supplies.

Old Mat Linggi said that he had had a most uncomfortable time at Kuala Mahang; the first night after we had left he spent up a tree, owing to the trumpeting of a herd of elephants and the roaring of a tiger close to the camp. Wan Hadji comforted him by saying that no Malay from Pulau Besar would under any circumstances have stayed by himself at Kuala Mahang because the place was well known to be infested with tigers.



Mat Linggi had been travelling since the early morning from his previous night's sleeping place and was cooking his rice when we arrived, after he had eaten we proceeded a little further on our journey and camped about 4 o'clock.

Our camp was near the site of a Sakai one which had recently been abandoned. We had seen many signs of these Sakais on the way up the Katiay. Wan Hadji informed me that the camp had been made by wild Sakais, who very seldom came down on to the main river, and who were hardly ever seen by the Malays. I noticed that their camp merely consisted of a few sticks, and on inquiry was told by Wan Hadji that these people move about every few days and take the roof of their hut with them. It is made from the broad leaves of a ground palm called *Daun Kok*, and when the camp is moved the roof is folded up and fastened on the heads of the women, each taking a small parcel. Only when it has become so rotten that it can no longer be folded up it is abandoned, and fresh leaves are cut. Here is economy in labour worth noting! These Sakais have no system of cultivation, existing on wild roots and on what animals they can kill and fish they can catch. I have seen some of these people in the Ulu Lepar, which rises on the other side of the mountains that we were in. Wan Hadji told me that their blowpipes were not made out of bamboo, which is customary, but from a solid piece of wood, which is split, hollowed out, and then bound together again. He said that they were very clever with these blowpipes which were much more accurate than the bamboo ones, and naturally lasted much longer. I have in my possession a blowpipe of this type which I obtained many years ago in Borneo which has been made from a piece of hard red wood called in the vernacular *penaga*. I should have much liked to have seen one of the blowpipes from the Ulu Katiay, but unfortunately we did not come across the Sakais themselves, and even if we had I expect that it would have been a difficult business to get into communication with them. It took up three days to get back to Pulau Besar. Wan Hadji tried a "short cut" and landed us in shocking country, near Gunong Dulang on which I believe there is a trigonometrical station beacon. At one place we had to climb down a gorge which was practically a waterfall for 500 feet. It was one mass of fallen timber and granite boulders; how my heavy loaded companions managed it I do not know, I had as much as I could do to get along at all, and I was only carrying my rifle. We got into Pulau Besar just at dark on the evening of the 19th of August, all well, but my men's feet a good deal the worse for wear. There is little more for me to tell about the

Tembeling. The following morning I said good-bye to Wan Hadji with many regrets. He had shown me a great deal of more or less unknown country, and had enabled me to add a fine trophy to my collection. Going down the Tembeling we very nearly lost everything in Jeram Pandjang, losing control of the boat which fortunately managed to keep its "feet." What vast possibilities the enormous volumes of water that comes down the Tembeling suggests to one's mind. Possibly in some future age this power will be harnessed in the service of man, and the haunts of the elephant and seladang given over to the thunder of machinery generating power for the electrically worked Peninsular Gyroscope Railway.

On the 22nd of August I slept at Kuala Tembeling, and was shewn there a fine male Marbled Cat (*felis marmorata*) which the owner had lately trapped. He thought it was a young tiger and was going to send it down to the Sultan at Pekan. The Malays in Jelebu call this cat *rimau tolok* or *toloh*, owing to its peculiar bird-like call.

Mat Yasin told me after we had left Pulau Besar, and after it was impossible for me to question Wan Hadji on the subject, that Wan Hadji had told him that he knew of several Malays who had killed rhinoceroses up near Pamah Ruan when they were *gajah* hunting, but that it was a year or so ago and that he had no idea they had so thoroughly cleared the place of rhinoceroses. That the rhinoceros badly wants protecting if it is not to be exterminated altogether from these States a further incident in my next chapter will I think shew, but how it is to be done is a very difficult question.

CHAPTER VI.

WANTED, A RHINOCEROS?

On my way down the Pahang River I stopped at Kuala Krau to collect my two seladang skulls, and on the night of the 24th August slept at Kuala Tekal. I spent some time the next day investigating a story I had heard of a big elephant which was supposed to be in the vicinity of Kerdau, but although we had a long tramp found no elephant tracks except those of a few small cows and a young bull. I proceeded to Badoh where I slept the night. Next morning we went on to Kuala Semantan where I picked up my letters and then returned up stream to Telok Mengkuang on a short trip after rhinoceros. Following the native path towards Bukit Si Gumpal we soon came to a clearing through which the

path passed, and at the edge of this clearing we made our camp. There was a salt lick quite close to the path, and when Yasin was in this part of Pahang in 1908 he had seen many rhinoceros tracks at this lick and had also come across quantities of wallows and fresh tracks in the jungle in the vicinity. As a last chance I thought I would try to pick up a specimen of a rhinoceros in this district as I was very anxious to obtain one for my collection.

In the evening we visited the lick but there had been no rhinoceroses there for three months. In fact we found no signs of tracks at all. There was a broad game path leading from the lick in a southerly direction and we decided to follow this on the morrow. Next day we set out at daylight and had a long walk without finding any new tracks although we found plenty of old ones. In the afternoon however we struck tracks which were about three weeks' old. We followed these tracks to "heel" for a short distance to try and find a lick which was supposed to be in the vicinity. We presently noticed that someone else had followed this spur, so to make matters quite sure we continued to follow the track and were soon convinced that this particular rhinoceros had been quite recently hunted. No sane man except one after that rhinoceros would have gone through the jungle we did. Late in the afternoon we came to a small stream where we found a comparatively new camp. The hut there had been occupied by Sakais, and here we found what I believe were the rib bones of a rhinoceros. In the Bukit Si Gumpal district there are some Sakais who have guns and who were no doubt responsible for what we had seen. I collected what evidence I could of their presence, which was sufficient to prove that Sakais and not Malays had been the occupants of the camp. Part of the skin of a monitor lizard and the shell of some species of tortoise, the owners of which had obviously been used for food, proved I think the presence of Sakais. The next day we scoured the jungle in the vicinity but found no new tracks although we found quantities of old ones and many disused rhinoceros wallows. We camped again at the Sakai shed. The following morning we returned to the Pahang River and crossed over to Kuala Semantan, where I once more partook of the hospitality of Mr. P. the District Officer. I told him about the rhinoceros which I believed had been recently killed near Telok Mengkuang and gave him the "exhibits" that I had collected for evidence. I also gave him a written account of what I had seen.

In a case of this sort one naturally wonders why the Sakais should go after rhinoceros, when they know perfectly

well that it is against the law, and must know that they are running a great risk hunting so near to the headquarters of the District, especially when it is in charge of so zealous an officer as Mr. P. Well, I think the answer is easy to find. At the bottom of the whole thing there must be a Chinaman. The Sakais would not go to the trouble or take the risk of hunting rhinoceros for the sake of the meat so close to the headquarters of the District, especially the Sakais from Bukit Si Gumpal who are more or less civilised. They undoubtedly hunt rhinoceros for the horn and the horn only as the main object. Chinese will give very heavy prices for rhinoceros horns, and in the old days when Malays used to hunt big game, they preferred to go after rhinoceros to elephant because the horn was so much more valuable in weight than ivory, and generally speaking the beast was more easily killed. I have no doubt in my mind but that the Sakais of Bukit Si Gumpal, of whom Batin Rajah is the head, were being provisioned by some local Chinese shopkeeper with the express object of obtaining for him the horns of rhinoceroses and possibly seladang. The difficulty of checking a business of this sort is very great, but if the big game is to be protected, vigorous steps should be taken. I will refer to this in my concluding chapter. I left Kuala Semantan on the 30th of August, put in a night at Guai at Imam Prang Samah's kampong and was soon on my way up the Triang *en route* for Pertang. But there was still one more hunting incident before my journey finished, a short account of which will not, I think, be out of place. About 9 o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of September we arrived at a spot on the Triang called Pasir Pulas, which was the landing place for a track to a salt lick about three miles inland called "Sesap Kepong." I took six days' provisions with the party and left old Mat Linggi in charge of the boat. Shortly after leaving the river we crossed the trace of a road which was running practically parallel with the Triang River. I had been informed that it was proposed to construct a road to connect Bentong with the Pahang Railway. This trace apparently followed the Triang from the proposed railway station at Buntar until it nearly reached Plangai and then cut up towards the Negri Sembilan boundary, joining the Pahang Main Road (Kuala Pilah to Bentong) near the old road construction boundary. The trace had been very nicely cleared and was no doubt an excellent one to walk along, but even to reach the 42nd mile from Bentong (approximately the boundary) it should never have been so close to the river as it was at Pasir Pulas. The country all about

that district is flat or very slightly undulating and a direct route could easily have been obtained from Buntar to the 42nd mile. It is, however, hardly conceivable to me that this proposed road could be for the purpose of connecting Bentong and the Railway, the distance being about sixty miles by following the Triang River and joining on to the main road at the 42nd mile. Supposing that it was necessary to join Bentong with the Triang Station rather than with the nearer station on the Semantan River a road trace could easily have been found from the foot of the watershed on the Triang side which would considerably shorten the distance to Bentong. I personally know this country, and am convinced that no route for a road to connect Bentong, or the Bentong Road, and the Triang Railway Station should follow the Triang. The Triang River is liable to very heavy floods and any wise engineer who knew the country would leave the vicinity of the river as soon as possible when laying out a road survey.

We arrived at Sesap Kepong early in the afternoon and made a camp about a quarter of a mile away from the lick on the banks of a small stream. Later on we went into the lick and found old rhinoceros tracks and the comparatively fresh tracks of a very big elephant. This elephant proved to be the old bull which I mentioned in my first chapter that occasionally crossed the Triang near Kuala Pertang Kanan. I was very pleased at finding his tracks which appeared to be about thirty hours old, and looked forward to meeting this old warrior at last. I do not know what was the matter with this elephant, something out of the ordinary undoubtedly. Round about the salt lick he had pulled over and pushed down about a dozen trees several of which were quite big ones. In fact he had "played the devil" all round the place. Something had annoyed him.

We found that within the last twelve months some enterprising gentlemen had been trying to kill rhinoceroses here—the spot was a favourite one for rhino—by setting several *ierlantek* (spring spears) on the main game tracks into the lick. I do not know whether they had been successful or not. Starting at daylight next morning we hoped to catch up to the elephant in two days at the outside. He had made for a well-known elephant wallow called "Kubang Ebit" which lies almost due west from Sesap Kepong. Well we followed that elephant for six days and at the end of that time were no nearer to him than we were when we started. First of all he passed

through Kubang Ebit, then followed up the Pertang Kanan and crossed the Kuala Semantan-Manchis bridge path, still going west he crossed over into the Semantan watershed utilising a pass between the valleys of the Triang and the Semantan which was so low that we scarcely realised that we were rising to it until we were in the pass. He then followed down one of the tributaries of the Telemong and wandered about there for about a day. Here we found extensive old gold workings, the jungle was literally honeycombed with pits. This part of the country did not seem to please the elephant so he turned back, crossed the watershed by the same path that he had previously followed and then practically retraced his steps towards Sesap Kepong. The day he returned we got fairly close to him, finding in the morning that during the night he had crossed the tracks that we had passed as late as three o'clock the previous afternoon. We did a forced march that day expecting to get up to him only to be disappointed. The spurt was too much however for one of my coolies who failed to make camp and slept the night up a tree. As he had all my spare clothes and some of my food I was not very well pleased with him. He also delayed us till nine o'clock the following morning. When we found on the fifth day that we were within about a day's march of the salt lick, and we only had at the outside two days more provisions I realised that we could only go on after this elephant provided he continued to take us in a homeward direction. This he did not seem inclined to do after he had crossed the Pertang once more, so we made straight for Sesap Kepong on the chance that he had gone there by another route. He had not however and I saw his huge tracks no more. During the six days that we had followed him he had eaten very little, had only lain down three times, and had in fact behaved in quite a different fashion to any other elephant that I have ever followed. He may have been wounded at some previous time and his wound may have been worrying him, but he was not incapacitated at all as far as his walking powers were concerned. That he is an old elephant I am convinced from the shape of his track, the imprint of his toe nails standing out quite clearly from the line of the foot itself, in fact one might well compare his track with that of a tiger's track although of course with no reference to size.

We arrived at Sesap Kepong fairly early in the morning and found that during our absence a herd of elephants, a herd of seladang, and two rhinoceroses had visited the lick. The

elephants had obligingly pulled down our camp. The rhinoceros tracks were quite fresh and Yasin and myself followed them, leaving the others to repair the camp. About 1 o'clock we came fairly close to the rhinos, but in such thick jungle where we could see nothing even within two yards of us, that I never had the least chance of a shot. We never got near them again and towards the evening we returned to camp. Neither of the rhinoceroses were particularly big ones. During my three months hunting this was the only semblance of a chance that I had at a rhinoceros, although I tried to obtain news of them wherever I went. It should be remembered that Malays frequently state that they have seen rhinoceros's tracks when they have only seen those of the tapir, the former animal being undoubtedly very scarce now in this part of the Peninsula. We slept near Sesap Kepong that night and the following morning returned to our boat, poling up the river as far as Sungei Dua where we spent the last night of the trip. The next day, the 12th of September, I walked up to Pertang, my trophies and goods following in two days' time.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

Before closing this article I wish to make a few observations on the present state of the game regulations as they exist in Pahang. There is an Enactment in vogue in the States of Perak, Selangor and Negri Sembilan which protects big game, and which makes it necessary for those who wish to follow the fascinating sport of big game hunting to take out a license which varies somewhat in price according to the domicile of the hunter.

I do not wish to go into the details of the Enactment, but would like to remark that the fee of \$50 which covers five head of game, the fee charged to those resident in the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States, is only available for a full period of 12 months. Considering that a sportsman in this country would be exceptionally lucky if over a period of years he was able to average *two head* of big game per year, it seems somewhat hard that the fee should only cover a period of twelve months.

I do not think that the time under which the license is available in any way helps to protect the game, in fact it might conceivably work directly against it. Some ardent sportsman anxious to get his five head under a time limit might shoot a

youngish beast which he would have spared had he known that his license could be utilised on some other occasion. This is of course an extreme idea, but it might occur, keeping in mind the very few opportunities that one has when hunting of getting a shot at all. In Pahang the big game laws as observed in the other States have not so far been introduced. The present regulations make it necessary to obtain permission from the Resident to shoot big game, a permission which carries no fee.

It may perhaps have been noticed by those who have had the patience to read the foregoing article that during my three months' hunting I came across many tracks, and heard a great deal of more or less unreliable news of both elephants and seladang. It may also have been observed that I did not come across many beasts of the "old bull" type. During the last few years the introduction of the cheap twelve bore shot gun and the granting of permission to natives in Pahang to shoot at big game has undoubtedly had its effect in making the older beasts very scarce and very wary. I believe that many seladang and elephants are wounded that one hears nothing about. I have frequently found native bullets in seladang that I have killed. Another point to be remembered is that natives cannot understand that a permission to shoot an elephant or a seladang is given to the individual, and is in fact a personal permission in the shape of a privilege or for some definite object as in the case of Imam Prang Samah. A pass is handed on to the man in the kampung with the biggest reputation as a hunter, and if he is successful the beast is credited to the holder of the permit. As an instance of this I will give one case. When I was in the Ulu Tembeling I was informed that a big tusker which was shot some two years ago under a permit given to the headman there, Wan Ahmat, was actually shot by one Dowd Kelantan, a *professional elephant hunter*, from over the border.

Not very long ago a headman was killed in the Jelai by a seladang which I believe he attacked with a twelve bore shot gun as his chief weapon. People who do these things require to be protected against themselves. The escapade of Iman Prang Samah has already been described.

I believe the objection to a Big Game Enactment in Pahang was that elephants did so much damage that it would be a hardship to the native cultivator if they were strictly protected.

The damage done by elephants is often greatly exaggerated, and anyway this does not hold good as against the non-protection of seladang and rhinoceroses.

The big game of the Malay States is undoubtedly disappearing under the opening up of the country. This is inevitable and cannot of course be met by any regulations; with the destruction of the primeval forest the game must go. But in Pahang there is still much game, and still time to take steps to preserve it if it is seriously desired, an object which I am sure all good sportsmen will hope is seriously contemplated.

First of all the Big Game Enactment should be introduced, and no free permits issued under any conditions at all, with the one exception of a rogue elephant which is a danger to human life. The export of elephants' tusks, seladang horns, and rhinoceroses' horns, except as genuine trophies whose history should be quite clearly defined, should be prohibited. A heavy penalty should be the price of evading this law.

Game preserves should be located, preserves which should be looked upon as permanent ones for the purpose of preserving the fauna of the Malay States.

The revenue received from game licenses should be utilised as far as possible to provide rangers to look after these preserves, and the appointment of a Game Warden to look after the interests of the big game in the Malay States would no doubt be of great assistance towards their efficient protection.

I also think that an Advisory Board of big game hunters and others would be of assistance to the Government in drawing up the regulations for the protection and the preservation of the big game of the Protected Malay States.











THE BAG.





THE TARAM LANTIN.

